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THE BYSTANDER
November 30, 1938.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 30—December 6

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DANGEROUS CORNER.—Priestley's first, and perhaps best, play is well served by Robert Harris, Ruth Lodge, Catherine Lacey, Stephen Murray: Westminster, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—H. K. Ayliff produces, as at Malvern, Shaw's newest play, with Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN.—A would-be modern sentimental romance by A. A. Milne puts Barry K. Barnes and Hilary Eaves opposite each other: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—Lee Tracy and Tamara Geva are two of a mixed bag caught in Armageddon: His Majesty's Theatre, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.—Anthony Quayle, Hermione Hannen, Valerie Tudor in Lewis Casson's production of Shaw's play (excluding Hell scene): Old Vic, 8.0. Thurs., Sat. 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE ROBUST INVALID.—First of Maurice Sachs' Anglo French season is Molière's *Malade Imaginaire* anglicised: Apollo, 8.40. Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY.—Nancy Price presents this Dekker comedy with Edmund Willard, Mabel Constanduros, Harold Warrender: Playhouse, 8.15, Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30 Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT.—Richard Bird and Vivienne Bennett lead in a good murder play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sidney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *souffle* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart, Scarlatti and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues Sat., 2.30.

"The Babes in the Wood"

That is the title of the successful politico-pantomime at the Unity Theatre Club, featuring Chamberstrain (here), guardian of the Babes

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 112.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge return to musical comedy, with Leonora Corbett: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, to-night, 30th.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, Thurs., 1st.

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE (French) and ZAUBER DER BOHÈME (Austrian).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers; and Kiepura and Eggerth in Puccini's opera: Berkeley.

LE BONHEUR (French).—Charles Boyer is teamed with Gaby Morlay in Henri Bernstein's most famous play-made-film: Curzon.

THE CITADEL (British).—Cronin's best-seller makes a film, with Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the young doctor and his wife: Empire.

FREE TO LIVE (American).—La Hepburn is again a poor little rich girl, who pinches her sister's fiancé, Cary Grant: Regal.

KATIA (French).—Danielle Darrieux's newest part is of the exuberant wife of Alexander II. of Russia: a second but different *Mayerling*: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MANY TANKS, MR. ATKINS (British).—Claude Hulbert and Reginald Hulbert in a comedy of army life: Warner.

MEN WITH WINGS (American).—An enthralling history of flying made personal, with Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Louise Campbell: Carlton.

PYGMALION (British).—Leslie Howard as Higgins, Wendy Hiller as Eliza in Shaw's own adaptation of his play: Leicester Square.

ROOM SERVICE (American).—The Marx brothers in the American stage farce filmed: Odeon.

STRANDED IN PARIS (American).—Joan Bennett and Jack Benny lead in a tale of innocents abroad: Plaza.

SUEZ (American).—The story of the difficulties and their overcoming in making the canal; spectacular setting for Tyrone Power as de Lesseps Annabella and Loretta Young: New Gallery.

THERE GOES MY HEART (American).—Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, in a crazy pot-boiler: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

TANNHÄUSER.—To-night, 30th, 7.45.

A WEDDING BOUQUET, BAISER DE LA FÉE, NOCTURNE: Thurs., 1st, 8.30.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Fri., 2nd, 8.

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 3rd, 2.30.

MASTERSINGERS.—Sat., 3rd., 6.45.

DON CARLOS (Gala in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital).—Tues., 6th, 8.15.

MUSIC

Recitals

SEGOVIA.—A guitar recital: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 3rd, 3.

SOLOMON.—A popular programme includes Chopin, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Couperin, Liszt: Palladium, Sun., 4th, 3.15

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C.—The orchestra, the Philharmonic choir, five solists, under Sir Henry Wood, in his jubilee year concert—Händel's "Judas Maccabæus": Queen's Hall, to-night, 30th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in a Mozart programme, including 25th symphony, concerto for flute and harp (Marie Goossens and Geoffrey Gilbert), Paris and Jupiter symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 1st, 8.15.

SUNDAY "POP."—The L.S.O. under Charles Hambourg in a Beethoven concert, including D minor violin concerto (Albert Sammons): Sun., 4th, 3.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 4th, 3.15.

MONDAY "POP."—The International String Quartet in a Mozart and Ravel programme: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 5th., 5.45.

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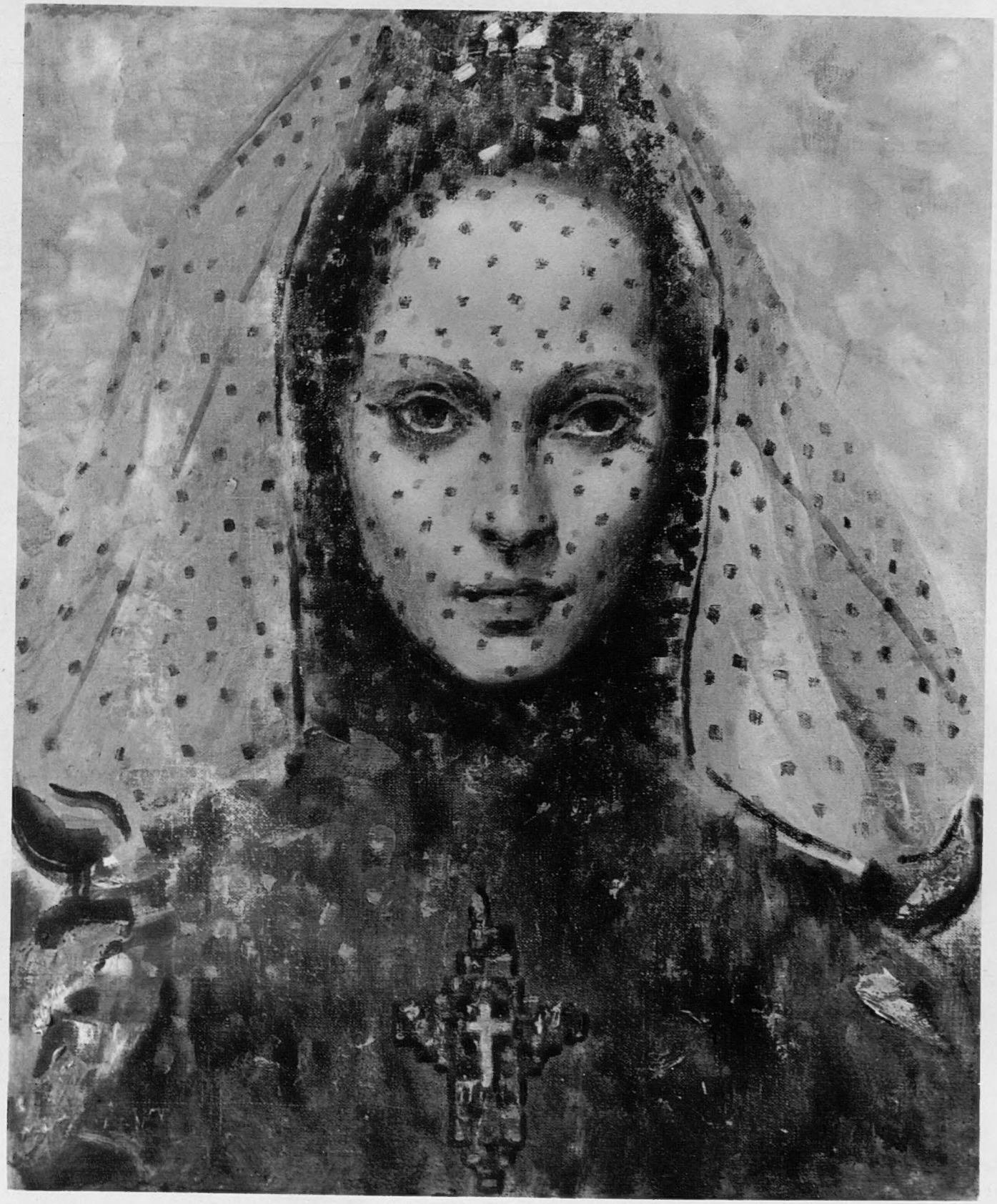
The Bystander, November 30, 1938

No. 1824. Vol. CXL.

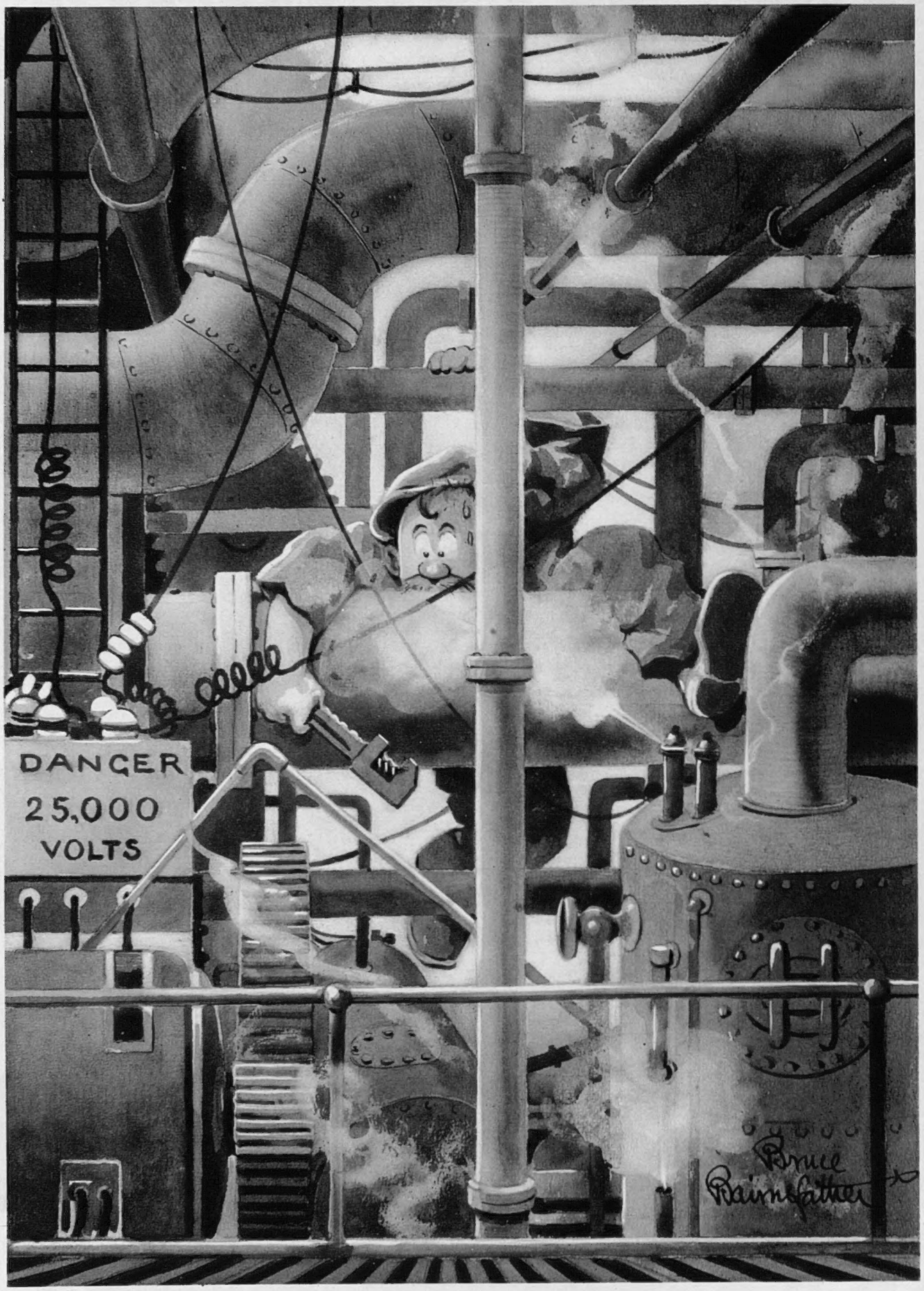
The Bystander



Merle Oberon, by Oliver Messel

This mysterious veiled Oberon will hang from to-morrow in the Leicester Galleries, where Oliver Messel is holding an exhibition of his portraits and landscapes. He painted the film-star last year after the accident which kept her off the screen for some months. This is his first show as landscape and portrait painter, and includes some of his earliest works—"Nanna," for example, a picture of his mother's old nurse painted when he was nineteen—as well as portraits of to-day's beauties, like Lady Daphne Straight and his sister, Lady Rosse. There are also flower paintings and stage pictures, but none of the stage designs for which he is best known. Merle Oberon is in Hollywood at present, and has just finished a picture with Gary Cooper (see page 325)

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather



"Comin', Sergeant!"

(Note. On hearing a raid warning, operatives who are also employed on guns will leave whatever else they are doing and proceed to their posts without loss of time)

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Chamberlain-Halifax visit to Paris was made under the usual shadow which clouds all negotiations with a French Government. That is to say, "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" is only too apt a phrase to use for French Cabinets. The men who negotiate on a Friday may be out of office on Saturday, and in again on the following Tuesday. As usual, the French trouble is finance. The Frenchman is always ready to spend lavishly in defence of his country provided he does not actually have to produce the hard cash. The old British motto of "No taxation without representation," has been adapted in France to the simpler "No taxation at all."

THE Franco-German declaration, drawn up on the same lines as the Chamberlain-Hitler declaration at Munich, is rather puzzling. Already people are saying in London that it is a move of France away from Britain towards Central Europe, although the Chamberlain-Daladier statement about their Paris meeting definitely concentrated upon "the complete identity of conception in the general orientation of policy" of Britain and France. M. Bonnet seems to be claiming that the Franco-German agreement is a great feather in his cap as a negotiator. Certainly the agreement weakens the ties between France and Poland, and between France and Russia. And, as it only applies to Europe, it does not weaken Germany's claims to French colonial territories. At the moment, the situation is obscure.

THE attitude of Poland towards Ruthenia brings up very sharply the old story of Britain's guarantee to Czechoslovakia. The Czechoslovak Government has officially announced to Downing Street that the frontiers of Czechoslovakia are now fixed, implying that the guarantee, whatever it is, ought to come into operation at once. But Warsaw is proposing to occupy Ruthenia, and this would upset the fixed frontiers. It is a very tricky situation in which it is difficult to believe that we can do anything else but admit that the guarantee means nothing.

THE Battle of the Ebro is now definitely finished, and General Franco at the eighth attempt has reached the river again. What will his next move be? Clearly the ideal move is to cut along the north of Catalonia and thereby secure the whole frontier of the Pyrenees. This would prevent French help reaching Barcelona. But it is a mountainous and difficult country, and the snows will be down very soon. And the Battle of the Ebro has shown conclusively that the Government Army is relying more and more upon machine-guns, and is using them with great skill. Among the foothills of the Pyrenees, with their forests and torrents, the machine-gun in the hands of a resolute man would be invincible. For a description of the country, see Mr. J. B. Morton's new book, *Pyrenean*. That will give you some idea of what General Franco's difficulties would be.

I LIKE Commander Stephen King-Hall's scheme for raising money for the settlement of Jews. He points out that what is wanted is money, training and land. If the money can be raised, the rest will follow, and this is his suggestion: that the thirty countries which are represented in the Inter-Governmental Refugees Committee should print Refugee postage-stamps "of a purchase price greater than their postal value." Thus in this country a penny Refugee stamp would cost three-halfpence, and a three-halfpenny stamp would cost twopence. If the scheme were adopted, I am certain that hundreds of thousands of people would gladly pay an occasional halfpenny or penny on their letters, and the difference, of course, would go to the Refugee Fund. The Commander thinks that, properly handled, particularly in this country and in America, a hundred million pounds might easily be raised. That is a lot of money, but the Commander is a man of big ideas.

THERE are strong rumours that the idea of an alliance for the purpose of elections between the Liberals and

United We Stand . . . Especially on a Rough Sea

The Canterbury had a terrible tossing last Wednesday between Dover and Calais, and with it tossed the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, their wives, and their staff. Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain, hardy travellers and undaunted conversationalists, wedged their feet together, held on with one hand each, and cast their weighty words at each other in the teeth of the gale. They arrived in Paris—Mr. Chamberlain with his umbrella—in time to get used to dry land before the huge banquet at the Foreign Ministry. Official political talks took place next day

Independent Arrival at Westminster

Vernon Bartlett, who fought and won his battle at Bridgwater on a foreign policy platform in complete opposition to that of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, took his seat in the House of Commons last week, shaking hands with the policeman as he went in. A Liberal, Richard Acland, and a Socialist, G. R. Strauss, introduced the new Independent Progressive

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 319)

Socialists is being actively canvassed behind the scenes. Mr. Bartlett's victory at Bridgwater as a Progressive Independent has shown them what can be done. But a great number of Socialists are fighting very shy of the idea. The Socialist daily newspaper did its level best to conceal the Bridgwater election result from its readers, and hid the news in a small paragraph on a remote page. And when Mr. Bartlett, M.P., addressed a series of crowded and enthusiastic meetings in support of the Labour candidate at West Lewisham, the same daily newspaper did not even mention the fact. I do not think the Tory organisers need worry very much in the meantime.

INCIDENTALLY, a comic turn was given to the Labour attitude towards the formation of a National Opposition when Mr. Attlee officially reprimanded the thirty-nine Socialist M.P.s who had supported Mr. Bartlett. He gave them a very mild rebuke, and was probably influenced towards mildness by the fact that Mr. Hugh Dalton, one of the most important Labour leaders, was loud in his applause of Mr. Bartlett when he made his first entry into the House of Commons.

THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL has taken a brave step in resigning her seat in Kinross and West Perth and in standing again as an anti-Chamberlain Conservative. The Duchess has been one of the strongest critics in the House of the foreign policy of the Government, and she has aroused the anger of her local association. At the last election there was a Liberal candidate who polled 10,000 votes. It will be interesting to see whether the Liberal Party in West Perth lives up to the doctrine which it preaches elsewhere, and stands down in favour of the Duchess, who represents entirely the Liberal angle in foreign affairs.

ODDLY enough, the Government is simultaneously confronted with trouble about milk and beer. A lot of people think that the Milk Bill will simply squeeze out the small trader, and the farmers think that the low price of barley is all very well for a brewer but it 's pretty tough on a farmer. It is the job of Mr. " Shakes " Morrison, the Minister of Agriculture, to settle both difficulties, and I fancy it will be the privilege of the tax-payer to help him out, particularly over barley, with a subsidy to the farmer.

AT a dinner given to Sir Raymond Unwin, the famous town-planner, Mr. Walter Elliot gave some remarkable figures of the comparative speed of London traffic to-day and thirty-five years ago. In 1904, he said, a horse-bus averaged nine miles an hour from Swiss Cottage to Oxford Circus; in 1937, a motor-bus averaged eight and a half m.p.h. for the same journey. In 1904, a horse-bus averaged eight and a quarter m.p.h. from Highbury Barn to Piccadilly Circus; in 1937, a motor-bus averaged seven and three-quarters for that journey. Progress, eh ?

A FURIOUS argument is raging round the forthcoming visit of the Old Vic's company to play Shakespeare in Italy. One side shouts that we should not have any truck with dictators at all, and should not encourage them by sending our nearest approach to a National Theatre company to play in a totalitarian State. Mr. Ivor Brown, novelist and critic, leads the other side with the slogans : " Keep politics out of art," and " Art for art's sake." In my opinion the acid test will be for the Old Vic's company to offer to play the *Merchant of Venice* in Italy.

THE M.C.C. is recommending that in future Test matches with Australia should be limited to five days each in both countries. This just provides another good laugh for baseball fans.

MISS NANCY PRICE has revived the old question of making the use of steel traps illegal. Steel traps inflict horrible tortures on the animals which get caught in them, and the agitation against them has been proceeding on and off for years. But no Bill to abolish them will ever get through the House of Lords. It is the one subject which arouses the fury of all backwood peers. The last time a Bill was introduced, they flocked to the Lords in their hundreds, and the Parliament House was full of strange faces who have never been seen again since the Bill was rejected.

THE latest article in the *Schwarze Korps* (the journal of the S.S.) has revived the old controversy as to the origin of the word " ghetto." The *New Oxford Dictionary* guardedly says : " Of the many guesses as to the ultimate etymology, perhaps the most plausible is that it is an abbreviation of Borghetto, the diminutive of Borgo, or Borough."

THE return of Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge to musical comedy together was riotously welcomed at the Palace Theatre last Thursday. They have been too long away, and now that they are back, they must not be allowed to escape again for a long time. I remember one of their first musical comedies, if not the very first, *The Cinema Star*, which toured the country in the early days of the war. They were just as funny then as they are now, and as they always have been.

WITH the world in its present state of ferment, it is good to know that the Import Duties Advisory Committee is keeping its head, and has refused to increase the tariff on preserved foliage.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harold Fawcus, *director-general of the British Red Cross Society, was at the Red Cross ball in its aid, held last week at Grosvenor House, where he threw rings in its support*

Mrs. Edward Baron *accompanied her husband to the National Advertising Benevolent Fund's dinner at the Connaught Rooms, where he took the chair. Miss Betty and Miss Millicent Baron were also present, so were numbers of well-known publishers and advertisers, such as Sir Harold Bellman (here), the Ashfields, the Newnes, the Crawfords, the Benns*

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The Hon. Oswald Pirow, K.C.

Fame, like the modern concept of time as a travelling field, has found in its path Oswald Pirow and a situation which make the former one of the most "intense phenomena" of the moment: that is to say, Mr. Pirow suddenly steps out of relative obscurity into the European limelight—witness *Who's Who*, in which this man of the moment does not figure. He was born of German stock (the suffix "ow" is Pommeranian) in 1890, spent his youth in the Transvaal's old capital, Potchestroom, came to Europe to educate in Germany, and to be called to the Bar here, whereupon he returned to practise in Pretoria. He was elected to the Union's Parliament when Hertzog first came to power (1924), held the Ministry of Justice before his force and his flair for the unexpected gave him the politically more important portfolios of Defence and Railways. A fortnight ago he relinquished the latter to take over that of Commerce and Industries. Plainly, it is German colonial claims that put Pirow in the limelight, for as Defence Minister his job would be to stave off those claims, if rejected; and our Government has admitted that rejection or acceptance and concurrent defence problems have been lengthily discussed with the South African. As to discussion of such claims between Pirow and Hitler at last week's meeting, official denials of this were as stubborn as public refusal to believe them. At all events, Pirow will have found much to admire in Germany, and later in Italy, for he preaches and practises rigorous fitness, being a first-class boxer, swimmer, big-game shot and air pilot

Social Register

A CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth and Their Daughter

Angela Maureen Huth was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. Her parents were married four years ago. Harold Huth was a stage and film actor before he retired owing to ill-health, and is now casting director for M.G.M. at Denham. Mrs. Huth was Bridget Nickols before her marriage to Lord Hindlip, whom she divorced in 1934

FOUR WEDDINGS

Miss Myrtle Fletcher and Mr. Bond

Stanley Shaw Bond, of 7, Cleveland Row, St. James's, and Myrtle Fletcher were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, and have gone to Scotland for the beginning of their honeymoon. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Lady Theresa Fletcher, of Woodend, Fontwell, Sussex, and a niece of Earl Fitzwilliam

THREE ENGAGEMENTS

Princess Olga Dolgorouky and Viscount Tredegar

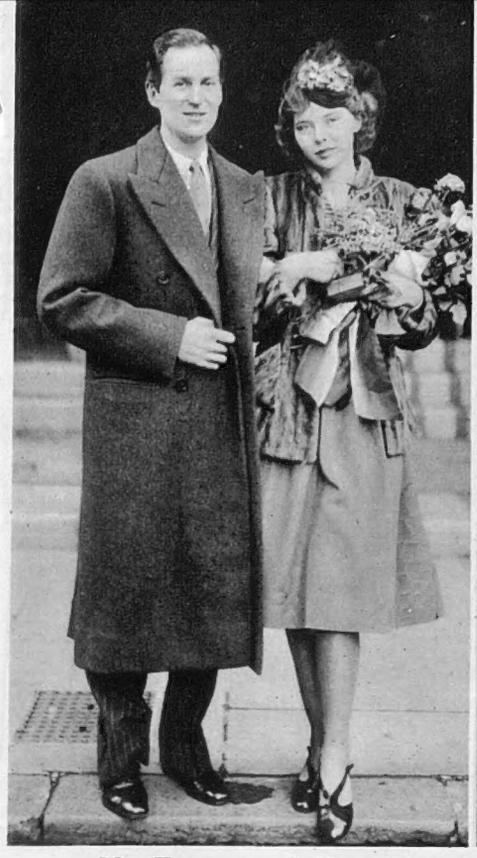
Lord Tredegar announced his engagement to Princess Olga Dolgorouky at a tenants' dance at Tredegar Park, his Welsh home, and indicated that they would marry shortly in Rome. His first wife, Lord Alington's sister, died last year. The Princess was formerly married to a Pole

Mrs. James Field and Hon. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie

The Earl of Radnor's youngest brother, who is twenty-nine, and Mrs. James Field announced their engagement last Wednesday. She was Audrey James before her first marriage to Dudley Coats, who died in 1927. Her second marriage to Marshall Field was dissolved in 1934. She lives at Holme House, Regent's Park, with her two small adopted sons

Mr. Parker Bowles and

Derek Henry Parker Bowles eldest daughter of Sir Hum Lady de Trafford, of Newsells are a newly-engaged pair of He is the only son of Eustace the late Mrs. Parker Bowles, Drayton, Salop, and Forty Hall.



Mr. Tennant and Miss Parsons

David Tennant and Virginia Parsons were married at Caxton Hall Register Office last Wednesday, their wedding having been postponed several days owing to the death of her mother, Viola Tree. Her father, Alan Parsons, the dramatic critic, died five years ago. David Tennant is Lord Glenconner's brother and was formerly married to Hermione Baddeley

The Hon. Ivor Guest and Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways

The biggest wedding of last week was that of Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne's only son and the Earl and Countess of Ilchester's younger daughter. He is thirty-five and she is twenty. They were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, with a reception at Holland House, and have gone abroad for their honeymoon. Mr. Guest has been Nat. M.P. for Breconshire and Radnorshire since 1935

Mr. Morriss and Miss Heathcote

Henry Lester Louis Morriss, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Morriss, of Banstead Manor, Newmarket, married Evelyn Valhalla Suzanne Heathcote daughter of Col. R. E. M. Heathcote, of Manton Hall, Oakham, and Mrs. Heathcote, at Brompton Oratory. They are having a Riviera honeymoon

OUT AT NIGHT

Viscount Errington and Miss Sarah Norton

The Earl and Countess of Cromer's only son and the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Norton's only daughter went together to the ice-hockey match at Harringay—Harringay Racers v. Wembley Lions—in aid of the Hedingham Scout Training and Employment Scheme

Lord Duncannon and Clarissa Churchill, daughter of Major Jack and Lady Gwendeline Churchill, were at the first night of "Geneva." He is the Earl and Countess of Bessborough's elder son

Viscount Duncannon and Miss Clarissa Churchill

POSTPONED WEDDING

Miss de Trafford

and Ann de Trafford, phrey and the Hon. Park, Royston, Herts., young racing regulars. Parker Bowles, and of Far Croft, Market Enfield, Middlesex

Lord George Scott and Miss Molly Bishop

The Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother and Molly Bishop were going to be married last Monday, but owing to her recent severe chill, the wedding—at St. Margaret's, Westminster—was postponed until December 16th. Lord George Scott went to fetch his fiancée when she left her nursing home ten days ago. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Bishop, of Harewood House, Andover, Hants.

Parcels for Miss Mann-Thompson and Mrs. Fitzgerald

Jams and Pickles and Three Saleswomen

Toys to Make You Laugh

Mrs. Fitzgerald and her youngest daughter, Irene Mann-Thompson, were good customers at the great Toy Fair at Lady Cowdray's house in Mount Street in aid of the South London Hospital for Women and Children. They went home loaded with parcels

The Hon. Mrs. Hew Dalrymple, Lady Marion Philipps and the Hon. Eileen Brougham were the three Toy Fair saleswomen at the preserves stall (above right). Mrs. Dalrymple was Mildred Lady Oranmore and Browne before her June marriage to Lord Stair's second son. Lady Marion Philipps is her sister-in-law

Bazaars Are In Season

Left: Miss Suzanne du Boulay and Lady Anne Bridgeman were two more—and very decorative—shop-girls at the Toy Fair at Lady Cowdray's house

Cash: the Hon. Daphne Pearson

Daphne Pearson took charge of the cash-box for her mother, Lady Cowdray, and her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Murray, at their Toy Fair, which was one of the biggest and most social of last week's huge bazaar list

Poulterers in Overalls

Miss Rosemary Pooley, the Hon. Lady (Victor) Stanley, Miss Ann Nettlefold, and Mrs. B. Milburn dealt in pheasants, partridges, rabbits and sausages for St. Thomas's Nursing Home. A Produce Market was held in the Governor's Hall of St. Thomas's Hospital in aid of the reconstruction and modernisation fund of the Home

Indoor Sports

Overalls were the fashion at the St. Thomas's Produce Market. Miss Glindon and her sister, Mrs. Philip Nunnerley, looked very gay and flowery in theirs. They were in charge of one of the side-shows

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 98

Gary Cooper

GARY COOPER is genuinely and terribly shy; so if he does a modified Garbo you cannot blame him. After all, he was brought up on a ranch in Montana, where he led a cowboy existence for a number of years. Actually his father comes from Lincolnshire and his mother from Dorset, and it was to join his uncle, who was busy on some Middle Western railroad scheme, that they went out to the United States. So when you see his next film, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, with Merle Oberon, you will realise that there is no need for him to have a double. He can throw a lariat, or whatever it is, as well as anyone. Even now he hankers for the wide open spaces, although he has a secret pride in having his roots in this country, and when he brought his wife over here the other day did the regulation tourist rubber-necking circuit of the Tower of London, the British Museum and Westminster Abbey. His mannerisms include a habit of running his fingers through his hair, of allowing one lock to dangle over his eye, and of putting his thumbs in his waistcoat when talking. His favourite expression is "godammie," more in surprise than anything else. He is six foot three and a half, and married Sandra Shaw, who was a New York "socialite" before she went to Hollywood and got minor jobs on the screen. His own first film was *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, about twelve years ago. In which he played with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Incidentally, his selection for this part did young Doug. Fairbanks out of the job. Like Doug., he has been up and down the ladder, though he has seldom slumped as much as the latter did before his sensational come-back last year.

GARY COOPER is every film director's ideal; for he is a "natural" actor. If you ask anyone in show business what this means, you will be told that it means a darned good actor who gives the illusion of being natural. The late Sir Gerald du Maurier was another. (For you may not know it, but to be actually natural on the screen doesn't register at all.)

To document Gary Cooper further, let me say that Sandra Shaw was Veronica Balfe before her marriage, and they have one child. I notice that a reporter recently described Gary Cooper as having "almost purple eyes." That must have made him blush. For he still can do so. As a boy he went to school at Dunstable when his parents sent him back across the Atlantic for a couple of years. He thus qualifies for an Old School Tie of chocolate and red. Later he tried to be a cartoonist on a small-town newspaper, but flopped, and after six weeks went back to the ranch. I suppose that *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* was what finally crystallised him as a star, though he had done admirably well in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, among other successful pictures. The strange part about him is that he is the only film-star who never had a camera test. It was Paramount who picked him at first sight just when they heard that he was about to sign a long-term contract with another studio at £10 a week. For after his failure as a newspaper artist in his native town at Helena, Montana, and his brief return home, he had gone off to try his luck in Los Angeles. When this petered out he had tried his hand at being an advertising salesman and as an agent for a photographic studio, from which he graduated to crowd work.

SOME critics claim that he did not really develop into an actor until *City Streets*, with Sylvia Sidney. But that is a matter of opinion. Later on he had a breakdown and was given six months' leave of absence, during the course of which he went big-game shooting in Africa. One other point. Gary Cooper is very fond of the sea. He is a first-class sailor, and knows all about small boats—unusual in someone who is a cowboy at heart. But that he is still a cowboy is shown by the fact that when he was told to wear furry white chaps, gleaming white boots and loud silk shirts for *The Cowboy and the Lady*, he struck, and would only return to the studio when he was permitted to wear an ordinary pair of cowboy boots, denim trousers, a flannel shirt and a second-hand cowboy hat. And that, I fancy, is how you will see him on the screen. Of his other films you will remember *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and *Marco Polo*. But my favourite is *As You Desire Me*, in which he starred opposite Marlene Dietrich.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Gentleman Unknown" (St. James's)

MR. A. A. MILNE'S new play concerns a young gentleman—or is he a gentleman?—with charm—or is it charm?—who travels the country in a car containing in the dickey an Old Master—or is it an Old Master? In any case, genuine or fake, it is a portrait of one of his ancestors, and he apparently believes it to be worth £10,000, and he will no more sell it than would Charles Surface the portrait of his Uncle Oliver. So, being as hard up as Charles, he hawks stockings from door to door with such success that he has no difficulty in getting his foot into the sitting-room. As, for example, the sitting-room of the Devonshire cottage of General Ross Andrew, where he gets off with the younger daughter and marries her before you can say Jack Robinson. Or, for another example, the sitting-room of Sir Howard Saxby's house in Hertfordshire, where he picks up a job at £800 a year and gets off with another daughter, but not such a nice one, who becomes his mistress before you can say Christopher Robin. Such is his irresistible insouciance—or is it irresistible? Mr. Barry K. Barnes, anyway, helps the author to persuade us that some people might find it so.

Romantic salesman and prospective purchaser: Barry K. Barnes and Hilary Eaves

Golf-club secretary from Poona: Marcus Barron

"GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN" falls into two halves. The first half is gay and irresponsible, showing how the young man sweeps people off their feet by sheer dint of debonair dialogue. The second half is more serious, for when a really nice young girl is being deceived, gaiety and irresponsibility can hardly be expected to survive, outside the realms of farce, in the West End, and this is a West End comedy if ever there was a West End comedy, with just those little touches of seriousness from which those little gusts of laughter afford such welcome and well-timed relief. The best scene is one in which the young man tries to sell stockings to the big boss who made them. Here the admirable acting of Mr. John Turnbull is a great help. So, elsewhere, is the admirable acting of Mr. Marcus Barron as a pompous ex-Army golf-club secretary. Also, Miss Hilary Eaves as the young wife is curiously reminiscent of Miss Nora Swinburne, which means that she puts up a good show and is altogether pleasant.

Sketches by Rouson

Business coronet and constant nymphomaniac: John Turnbull and Ruth Dunning

TOWARDS the end of the play the Old Master is turned to symbolical uses, its genuineness or otherwise providing a rather laboured parallel to the genuineness or otherwise of the hero; but in a piece so fundamentally superficial one rather resents any attempt to be anything else. Face value in this play should be the only assessment. If the traveller in stockings is amusing, his manners leave us unperturbed. But when we are seriously assured that he is really ever so nice underneath too, we feel this to be out of the bargain. Isn't he, we then ask ourselves, more than a bit of a bounder? Virtue, however, will get into West End comedies. It's worse than sand at a picnic.

Anthony

The Anthony Quayles: Acting Together

Tony Quayle and Hermione Hannen, who have been married for fifty-seven months, are also acting together in Lewis Casson's production of *Man and Superman* at the Old Vic: he plays Tanner in a Grandi beard and Shakespearean manner, she plays Violet with charm and accuracy. They were both in the previous production of *Hamlet*, and they will both be in the forthcoming production of *The Rivals*, he as Jack Absolute, she as Lydia Languish. Their stage careers have run along equally classical lines: Quayle has been three seasons in the Waterloo Road, his most notable departures being for Essex in *Queen Elizabeth* (Haymarket), Mr. Wickham in *Pride and Prejudice* (St. James's) and Guildenstern in Gielgud's *Hamlet* (New). His wife, Nicholas Hannen's daughter, played a widely praised Ophelia in the Westminster *Hamlet* last year, was with her husband in *Queen Elizabeth*, took the part of Beatrix for the O.U.D.S. production of *Much Ado* this year; she has also broadcast a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Quayle live in Dolphin Square

Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel rides on a wheeled llama

Prince Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick jumps on the sofa cushions

The Royal Family of Kent

The Duke and Duchess of Kent and their children will be, this time next year, in Canberra. Australia's Governor-General-elect celebrated yesterday the fourth anniversary of his wedding to Princess Marina of Greece; he is now the father of the royal family's youngest members, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, and these newest photographs, taken at Coppins, show how alike the children are and how they inherit Windsor features. They are both namesakes of their uncle and aunt who were here last week, Prince Paul and Princess Olga of Yugoslavia

***The Duke of Kent** supervises some nursery floor tactics*

***The Duchess of Kent** and the royal family's youngest member*

Photographs

A tea party for two: Alexandra, two on Christmas Day, and Edward, three last month, are host and hostess in the nursery at Coppins in Buckinghamshire

y Baron

Three Men of Music

Dorothy Wilding

Mark Hambourg—English Pianist

Mark Hambourg was born in Bogutchar, South Russia. But he first came to London to play when he was eleven years old (1890); in 1907 he married a Scotswoman, the Hon. Dorothea Muir-Mackenzie, and now he is a naturalised Englishman. From St. John's Wood he makes his tours which have taken him all over the world. At this time of year he plays frequently in the provinces. Last week he gave a recital in Peterborough Cathedral in aid of the restoration fund. Next week (December 5th) he is playing for television. Besides looking astonishingly like Beethoven, with his leonine head and fierce expression, Hambourg is a fine Beethoven pianist. He was once cast as the great composer for a film; the picture was never finished—but it ought to be. He has composed a number of works for the piano, and has written two books, one on piano playing, and the other his autobiography, "From Piano to Forte." He has four daughters, of whom one, Michal, has already made a considerable name as a pianist

Rafael Kubelik—Czec

Kubelik and the Prague Philharmonic Orche Cardiff, and after broadcasting and making welcome this year was full of warm sympat mutilated country, as well as the enthusiasm in London. Kubelik, aged twenty-three, came modest young man with a mane of tow-c the mastery and fire of his conducting. T baton the orchestra played the music of thei as only Czechs can. Kubelik is the son of t several years in Prague under the famous Ta

Baron

k—Czechoslovakian Conductor

nic Orchestra finished their English tour last week at making records, have gone home to Prague. Their m sympathy towards them as representatives of their thusiasm which this fine orchestra has always aroused hree, came over with them last autumn, and the slim, of tow-coloured hair astonished the musical world by cting. This year he repeated his success; under his ic of their national composers, Smetana and Dvorak, son of the violinist, Jan Kubelik, and has worked for famous Talich, to whom he holds the post of assistant

Cvenes

Franz Lehar—Austro-Hungarian Composer

Lehar, one of the most famous waltz composers in the Viennese tradition, has tried something new this year: he has composed a Christmas carol. As a young musician he tried all sorts of things: began his career as a violinist, going from his Hungarian home to study in Prague, and becoming first violin and concert-master in the Barmen-Elberfeld city theatres. At nineteen, he went into a regimental band, then became a military musical director, and started to write songs. After composing his first opera, he changed from Army to Navy, and was appointed musical director of the Austrian Navy Band. At last, when he was about thirty, he discovered his true metier in operetta, and since 1902 his list of successes is enormous. "The Merry Widow," "The Count of Luxembourg," "The Blue Mazurka," "The Land of Smiles" are among those best known here. He lives now in Vienna

The Royal Society of Portrait Painters

Mme. Jonniaux and Mrs. Clive Loehnis

Mme. Jonniaux is the wife of the Belgian painter, Alfred Jonniaux, who is holding an exhibition at present at Matthiesen's in Bond Street. She went to the Portrait Painters' private view with Mrs. Clive Loehnis

Arnold Mason's portrait of American cabaret star Zara Karina is one of his four exhibits. He is a member of the Society. She was painted in a bright red dress, but went to the private view in trouser suit, thick sweater and beret

Arnold Mason and Mlle. Zara Karina

Margaret Lady Birkenhead, Lady Kimberley, Lady Birkenhead

These three Countesses struggled together through the crowds at the private view at the Royal Institute Galleries, and stopped to look at the portrait of one of themselves. Simon Elwes has painted Lady Birkenhead and the portrait is one of his four exhibits. Another is his portrait of Frederick Lonsdale. He is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters

James Proudfoot and Miss Dorothy Hyson

James Proudfoot has two actresses in the show; this picture of Dorothy Hyson is one, and Ellen Pollock's portrait is the other. By Miss Hyson's left shoulder is Oswald Birley's fine picture of J. D. Furley

Constance Lorne in her striped dress was Maurice Codner's only woman sitter for the Exhibition. The other four are solemn men, including an Alderman and a City Marshal. Three years ago his exhibits included a far from solemn man — George Robey himself

Maurice Codner and George Robey

Miss Ella Atherton and Miss Blanche Rowe

These two decorative women eyed Gilbert Miller with respect — the portrait in which Miss Rowe is reflected is by Oswald Birley, and commands that respect from most passers-by. Mr. Birley, a trustee of the Society, shows seven pictures, notable among them the portraits of his wife and of Sono Osato of the Russian Ballet

Lady Curzon and Sir Archibald Weigall

Viscountess Curzon went with her father, Sir Archibald Weigall, to the forty-seventh Portrait Painters private view, which is almost as social an event as the opening day at the Royal Academy

Actress Jean Gillie, another "exhibit," went to the show with Cathleen Mann, the artist who painted her. She was looking her most glamorous, in contrast to her portrait, which shows her as simple and outdoor. Lady Queensberry contributes also a portrait of "Master Jeremy Field"

Miss Jean Gillie and Lady Queensberry

Stanley Grimm and John England

Stanley Grimm was photographed in front of "Portrait of a Spanish Lady," one of his six exhibits. Little John England, aged seven, described as "England's Freddie Bartholomew," is going to sit for Mr. Grimm in January as Kipling's "Kim"

Robin Guthrie's one exhibit is his "Self Portrait," in front of which he and Miss Shirley were standing. He had a show of his own quite recently

Miss Ernesta Shirley and Robin Guthrie

Hurrell, Hollywood

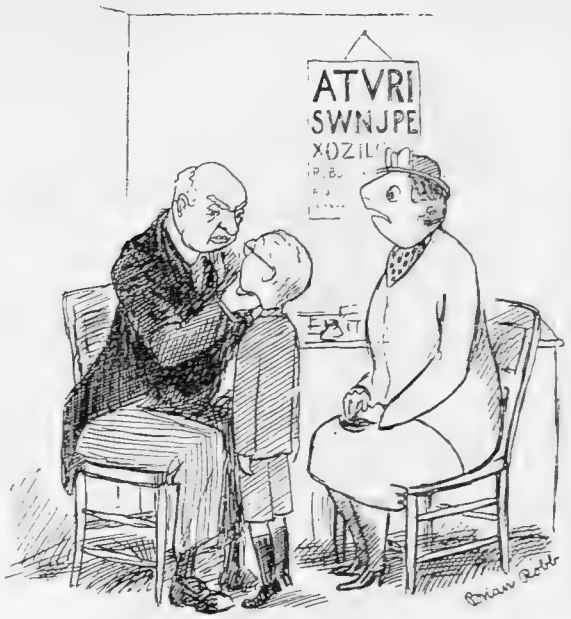
Isa Miranda is a New Hollywood Glamour Star

This Italian beauty was netted for Hollywood some time ago, but is only now making her first film there. She was cast for star role in *Zaza* early this year, but had a bad car crash a week or two before production started, managed to struggle through one day's work and then collapsed on the set. Claudette Colbert replaced her in the part, and Isa Miranda went off to get really well. Now she has been chosen by Paramount, who hold her contract, to co-star with Ray Milland in *Hotel Imperial*, a Russian story which in the silent days was used as vehicle for Pola Negri's overwhelming glamour appeal. Robert Flory, who made *King of Gamblers* and *Dangerous to Know*, is directing. Thus, prettily named Isa Miranda is elected to carry on the Negri-Swanson-Dietrich tradition—and suitably, since she made her name in Italy and France as the kind of heroine round whose beauty and charm and sex-appeal the story inevitably revolves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" Ever since you made him wear spectacles he 's been calling me fishface "

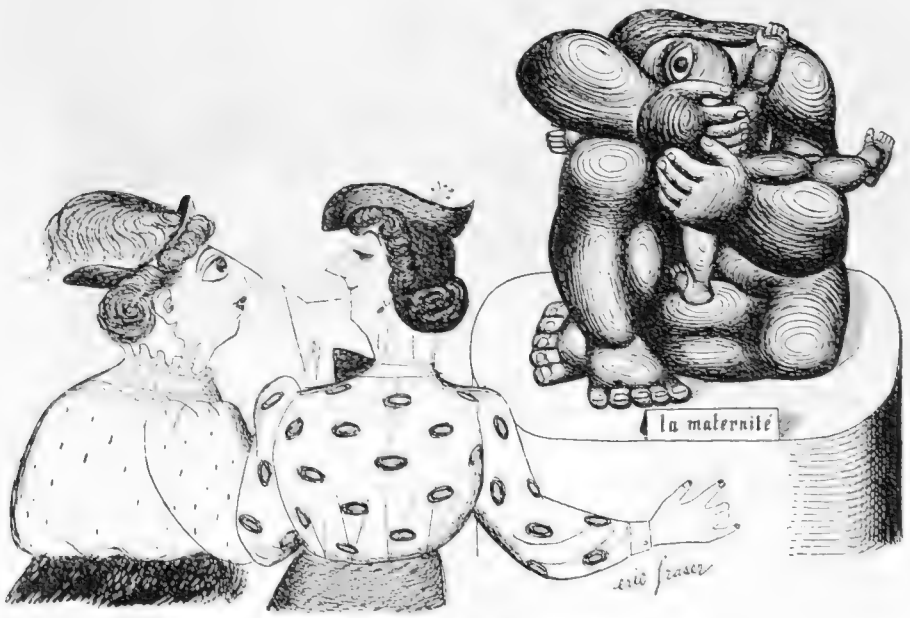
NOTHING could be more fitting, in our humble and often unfortunate view, than that the first text-book ever—apparently—composed for the use of members of the Corps Diplomatique should be the work of a Greek diplomat, M. Athanas Politis, who has just left London to be Greek Minister at Tokyo. M. Politis's text-book is written in French, the next best vehicle to Ancient Greek, which is the ideal language of diplomacy, in our degraded and often odious opinion. Ulysses still seems to us the master-diplomat, shrewd, smooth, dissembling, hither and thither dividing his swift mind and addressing winged words, often based on truth, to all and sundry ; and in Homeric Greek he had everything language can offer, subtlety, colour, flexibility, lucidity, an infinite variety of nuances, and what-have-you. But whether these arts are adjudged of any value by the diplomacy boys nowadays we couldn't say. Loudly-barked ultimatums backed by brute force seem to be the diplomacy of the future, and Talleyrand's well-known definition of a true diplomat—a chap who can receive a kick from behind without its altering by a shade the polite immobility of his features—looks like becoming Fitness Test No. 1. In which case M. Politis (such is our shrinking and probably ignoble impression) should write another text-book, in the Yahoo tongue.

Everything will be much easier in future—who can doubt that ? Even French, the Voice of European Diplomacy for so long, presents such increasing difficulties to the modern statesman that it should be superseded, chaps think. You remember how one of our chief Ministers protested vigorously at Versailles against the arrogant French use of the word " demander " in some clause or other, saying they could surely ask more politely for whatever it was ? A new diplomatic language of howls and grunts and kicks in the pants will obviate all these natural misunderstandings.

Farewell

TWO hundred and fifty ornithologists toying with their cigars and brandy in the Zoological Society's restaurant in Regent's Park the other night heard, to their grief, that the corncrake is rapidly disappearing from English fields ; a mournful and possibly fatal bit of news to bird-lovers on an empty stomach, but one which almost anybody can receive with relative equanimity after a good dinner ; as those chaps did. What is driving out the corncrake is, of course, machinery, also the alteration of the date of mowing. That harsh, cheerful, homely note, once one of the chief voices of the English countryside, may soon be stilled entirely, except (say the experts) in Scotland and North Ireland, where the well-known rugged virtue of the inhabitants is attracting the corncrake and causing it to multiply. (It is not as yet affected by the Special Powers Act in Ulster, and need not therefore fear prison for displeasing anyone by its song.) And so the Machine continues inexorably to devour everything that makes life pleasant. The corncrake, rasping out over the quiet fields like a peremptory but harmless maiden aunt with laryngitis, was as dear to us in childhood as the cuckoo and far more faëry. Nobody ever caught him and put him in a clock, and no tiresome poets—even Gaffer Wordsworth—ever wasted questions on him, though they were continually pestering other birds with vain and often foolish queries. We still connect the corncrake vaguely with the figure of a funny little merry old gnome-like man, possibly some memory from Grimm. Also with those grotesque wooden cockyolly birds they used to make in Germany (and possibly do still), brightly painted and comically grave, benign, and pop-eyed.

The fields—those which are cultivated at all—resound to the rattle and chuff-chuff of less dear and kindly presences nowadays. The fairies were driven from them (as the old song truly says) 400 years ago, and now the birds are going. So all things, as the Oracle of the Bottle predicted, move towards their end.



" Dear, dear, la maternité—and in wood, too ! "

Chums

A CHAP who dined at the Mausoleum Club the other night tells us there was quite a sedate hubbub in the smoking-room. The rumour had got round that a popular member was submitting some species of dramatic entertainment that evening to the suffrages of the playgoing public, and that in this entertainment feminine pulchritude (to quote an enthusiastic bishop) was mingled inextricably with vocal and terpsichorean skill. " Are there bears ? " queried an elderly scientist shrilly. " Or Eeeyore ? " piped an aged history don. " Hoppity, hoppity ! " cried a dean eagerly. The bishop said no, according to his information their fellow-member had not woven into his dramatic composition any of the delightful characters and situations familiar to all present from those Complete Works which the Librarian had already had twice to replace owing to wear and tear, such was the demand for healthy and exciting literature in the Club. A brisk and slightly heated discussion ensued with a venerable thinker who kept shouting, " I like his Fallen Angels best ! ", but it is evident (our friend said) that if the works

of these two eminent members are sometimes confused by their clubmates, a very real esprit-de-corps and true camaraderie exist in the Club, and either of the boys can depend on a big hand any time he produces something new.

This chap added that since these two members joined the atmosphere of the Mausoleum has warmed quite remarkably. It used (he said) to feel like an Anglican cathedral in midwinter, now it 's like an Anglican cathedral in early February.

Faux Pas

THAT West End barman who, as we mentioned recently, astonished the more thoughtful villagers of Mayfair (all three of 'em) by declaring that oysters can be taken freely with any kind of wine or spirits, may put himself on the ice for a spell. A chap who has been experimenting in a small way wrote to one of the dailies about it a few days ago. Very wisely he got his results by pouring selected drinks over oysters in a glass, not by any internal research work, and the results were as one might expect. Whisky made the oysters hard as marbles, and even burned holes in them. Brandy made them leathery. Rum shrivelled them slightly, and gin left them " soft and sloppy," like a deb at a cocktail-party. Hence you may shudderingly guess to what horrid ordeals you condemn your interior if you take that barman's sinister advice. The celebrated minor eighteenth-century poet who so painstakingly put into verse—

> . . . what goes on inside you
> When Cook has turtle-souped and venison-pied you,

would have touched on this with gloomy relish, no doubt, if oysters in his time hadn't been the food of the very poor, and unworthy of a British Muse.

There 's only one wine which goes naturally with oysters, and that, as every epicure knows, is the black wine of Ireland. And, by the way, did you notice a beautiful misprint in one of the papers the other day, when somebody was made to refer to the " Wind and Food Society " ?

Clop

THE case of the lady who has just been awarded £100 and an apology from the police after being accidentally beaned by a mounted policeman after a Fascist mix-up in Battersea some months ago reminded us irrevocably of that passage in Mr. Belloc's Victorian jeu d'esprit called *Mrs. Markham's New History of England*, in which Mrs. Markham describes judiciously to the children the nature, habits, customs, and armament of the British Police. " We do not give them arms, my dear, because we think this would be cruel and unjust. But we let them have a thick stick called a Truncheon, with which they can hit people on the head as hard as ever they like, to make them obey." Whereupon little Tommy asks eagerly if the Truncheon hurts, and is assured by Mamma that it hurts " just enough to make people obey, and no more." Not so (one may reflect with humanitarian pride) the horrid truncheons used by foreign police, which hurt very much indeed, and have been known (e.g., in Paris) to lay rebellious citizens out for good with a single crack. The sound at the moment of impact is roughly *clop*. Besides this weapon the French and other foreign police have revolvers, so that they may shoot citizens when they think it necessary. Thus in Paris they brought to reason the desperate Bonnet Gang, who were armed to the teeth, whereas our more humane custom made it necessary when the equally savage Peter the Painter and his two chums were beseiged in Houndsditch, to call out a half-battalion of the Guards to fire rifles at them, and finally (unless our aged memory deceives us) to set the house on fire.

Mrs. Markham is therefore right in implying that to arm the British police with lethal weapons would be a very brutal and unsporting thing to do, and now it would seem that even if they clop a citizen by accident with their truncheons they are terribly ashamed and sorry. This is no real surprise to us, though actually we 've never been poor or desperate enough to be in a position to doubt their essential bonhomie.

Contretemps

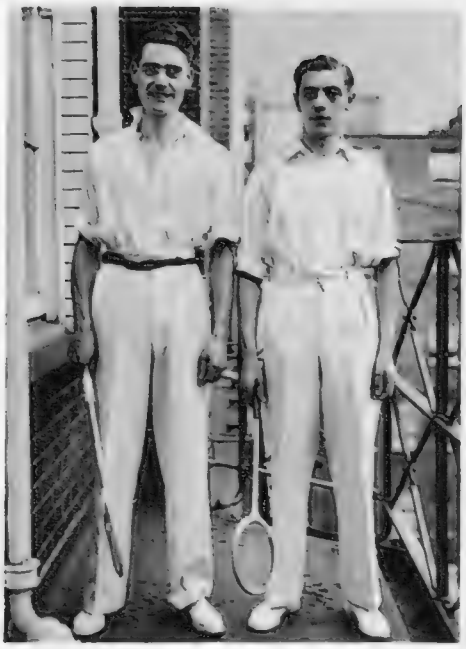
A COYLY blushing little news-agency message in one of the evening papers the other day ran : " *The estimated number of gigolos in Germany is* 3000," and we wondered vaguely how the figure was arrived at. In a robotised State like the Reich the gigolo probably describes himself as such under " trade or profession " in all official forms, we imagine. In England, he would naturally attach himself to one of the Arts or Liberal Professions—writing down, for example, " author," or even " journalist," and thus making it difficult to compute the number of gigolos in Great Britain, if indeed there are any in Great Britain. We say this because we once reduced a whole luncheon-table to frozen stupefaction by innocently remarking, apropos a new play, that it would be a nice change to see a West End play in which the gigolo was Scottish. This was such a frantic, blasphemous and lewd remark, apparently, that half the women present nearly rose from their chairs and left the house. Nevertheless, after some years of meditation over this contretemps we 're disposed to stick to our idea, partly from rebelliousness and partly because the dramatic effect of a Scottish gigolo on the stage would, we 're convinced, be the most shattering thing since George Arliss played Peter Pan (or didn't he ?). Think of a sleek, willowy figure uttering deep, rugged " ayes," and " hae's " and " forbyes," and judge for yourself.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Which shall we attempt ? Twelve results or four aways ? "

"Colonel and Mrs. Sheepshanks": the Hulberts in Disguise

Under Your Hat went to the Palace last Thursday and will obviously stay there for donkeys' years. Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge, in their "together again" come back to the stage from the screen, are at the top of their brilliant, inimitably co-ordinated form. Cicely Courtneidge is positively inspired, and most of all when, as the Anglo-Indian Mrs. Sheepshanks, she tells a chorus of schoolgirls that "The Empire Depends on You." Her jaunty, pouter-pigeon way of putting the girls through their drill set the first-night audience into a long roar of applause. The whole show reaches, thanks to its leading man, producer, part-author and part-dance-arranger — Mr. Hulbert—an irresistible level in production, speed, decorativeness and in its flashes of unexpected witty nonsense



A. E. Biddle and L. W. R. Keeble

Biddle, Junior Carlton Club, beat Keeble, International Sportsman's Club, by 3 games to 1, and is now to challenge J. Dean for the Open Squash Championship on Dec. 7th and 14th at the R.A.C.

Danahar Beat Finn in His Thirteenth Consecutive Win

Arthur Danahar, the Bethnal Green lightweight, beat Dave "Aldgate Express" Finn over eight rounds at the N.S.C., to win his thirteenth consecutive fight. The unlucky win cost him a cut over the left eye which caused his fight with Dutchman Robert Disch to be postponed. Here Danahar pushes a left over Finn's head

Howard Marshall on Sport

NEXT Saturday we shall be journeying up to Manchester to see the first England Rugby trial match. I suppose the selectors will be hopeful, though the rest of us must reserve judgment. After all, the first trial is merely a sifting of the wheat from the chaff. It means very little, except that here and there a player may establish his claims to further consideration.

If we had judged by the standard of play in last season's first trial, which took place in a blizzard at Newcastle, we should have said that England had the makings of the finest attacking side for years. But subsequent events proved that such a deduction would have been sadly unjustified.

This time the selectors, up to a point, have broken away from convention, partly because they had to, and partly because, as we must assume, they are looking for greater speed in attack. Normally they base the potential England team in this trial on the side which did duty in the previous Calcutta Cup match. But on Saturday we shall see an almost completely reconstituted back division.

I hope profoundly that the mid-field players will justify themselves, for that is where England's main weakness lies. H. Kenyon, the Coventry stand-off half, may be the man for the job; and he has certainly been playing very well with J. L. Giles in the Midlands. His defence has been criticised, but the stopping powers of a stand-off half are not so important if he has sound centres behind him.

TALKING of centres, J. Harrison, of the Army, is a newcomer to this class of football, but he has shaped very well for Surrey, with B. E. Nicholson as his partner. Harrison is small and quick, an attacking individualist and an extremely stout defensive player. It will be his job to look after the mercurial Heaton, who plays opposite him for the Possibles; and he will provide an admirable test of Heaton's jinking attack.

It is good to find pace on the wings represented by A. Obolensky and C. B. Holmes, the sprinter from Manchester. And it would be a great day if these runners were really given opportunities for making use of their exceptional speed.

Some of the England forwards are verging, in terms of service, on the veteran class. But they are a tough lot, and capable of real scrummaging.

(Concluded on page 340.)

Cambridge Beat Blackheath

The score in the Cambridge-Blackheath game at Rectory Field, 6—5 to the University, might imply that play was fast and close. Actually Cambridge failed to get going until late and the game was not a notable one. Here J. Parsons gets out a clean one

Harlequins Beat Oxford

The Harlequins-Oxford match at Twickenham was also a dull one, apart from a try by R. M. Marshall (here half-collared by R. E. Prescott. The Oxford scrum, like the Cambridge, packed 3-4-1 that day, but their good work was lost by offsides. Result: 'Quins won 12—.

What to Wear

As Beauty Queen, a Crown

As beauty queen of the Woman's Fair at Olympia, Miss Joyce Bealer wore a regal dress and a crown placed on her fair head by Margaret Rawlings. Miss Bealer, representing cotton fabrics, was chosen supreme among twelve beauties, thus winning £250

As Attendants to a Circus Expert Opening a Circus Exhibition, Circus Rig

Lady Eleanor Smith opened the exhibition of circus paintings and drawings by Henry Hoyland at the Stafford Gallery, and for the occasion she was attended by three old-timers of the clowning tradition: Dicky Bell, Ernie La Plante and Charles Austin

Earl de la Warr, President of the Board of Education, runs a dairy farm, with its own retail dairy attached, on his land at Fishers Gate, Withyham, Sussex, where he and his family live in a small house ↓

As Riders, Caps and Breeches

Mrs. W. E. Fanshawe went one better than corduroy when she turned out for the Cottesmore meet at Tilton Village in a pair of trousers made of hide, as well as a masculine cap. More orthodox are here, Sir Thomas Ainsworth and Lord Sefton

King Carol, now returned to Bucharest by way of Sigmaringen, was entertained to a rainy shoot by the French Republic at Rambouillet. Of the two civilian hats, the King's is modelled on German style, the President's on English. Between them is General Braconnier →

As a Gentleman Farmer, a Tweed Lounge Suit

As a Republic's Royal Guest, Mackintosh Rompers

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 338)*

We rather expected that G. T. Dancer, of Bedford, would find his way into the England side after his form in South Africa; and possibly he will be promoted for the second trial.

The selectors at any rate have given us two interesting teams, though I doubt whether they would argue that the standard represented is particularly high.

NEXT Tuesday, incidentally, will find most of us at Twickenham for the 'Varsity match. Though I write too far ahead to make any confident prophecy, I am bound to say that both sides appear to be rather below par. But this is one of those occasions when previous form goes for very little.

Cambridge, beyond a doubt, have the more dangerous backs, with such runners as J. G. S. Forrest, J. G. Bruce-Lockhart, and P. Sherrard. But, so far, the forwards have hardly come up to scratch. Actually, forward play has a way of levelling out in the 'Varsity match, though Oxford might just have the pull.

The only prophecy I would venture at this stage is that it promises to be an extremely even game, with Oxford steadiness against Cambridge brilliance, and the chances about equal.

BY the way, I have had a number of queries lately about the Rugby Laws. May I suggest that you will find these set out in the *Rugby Football Annual*, an admirable production obtainable from Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., 12, Warwick Lane, E.C.4, for the modest price of 2s. 6d. This is the *Wisden's* of Rugby Football, and contains most comprehensive information about every aspect of the game.

OXFORD and Cambridge, incidentally, are meeting in another branch of athletic endeavour next month, for the inter-'Varsity Downhill and Slalom team races have been fixed for December 21st and 22nd at Sestriere, where the ski-ing is superb, and good snow conditions from November onwards are virtually certain.

That great ski-er, Hans Nobl, is helping to run the meeting, and will put the respective teams through their paces; and before the 'Varsities meet, there is to be an Anglo-Italian Universities race.

ANOTHER event which holds our attention just now is the fight between Len Harvey and Eddie Phillips at Harringay on Thursday. This also looks like being a very level affair. And the interesting thing about it is that both men have put on weight, and claim to be correspondingly stronger since their last meeting.

Harvey should find this especially to his advantage. He will be fighting about a stone heavier than he has ever done before. And it may be that we shall see him cutting loose, and abandoning the defensive tactics which were necessary when he had to meet much heavier opponents.

Harvey has a punch, and it is very much on the cards that in this fight the fur will fly with a vengeance.

AS we expected, the Advisory County Cricket Committee did their best to stop limitless Test Matches between England and Australia when they adopted the proposal for the standardisation of the hours of play.

The proposal is that all Test Matches should be limited to thirty hours' play, five days of six hours each in England, and six days of five hours each in Australia. If the M.C.C. Committee accept this proposal, it will be recommended to the Australian Board of Control.

The Australians, who play all their Test Matches to a finish, may not agree. But to most of us, the suggested limitation appears to be sensible.

It would be a great step forward if limitless Tests, in this country, at any rate, could be abolished, though I dare say many people still feel that the real interests of cricket would be best served by a return to natural wickets and a limit of three days.

Marcus Dods

Dods, Rugby and King's College, has been awarded a back-row place in the Cambridge scrum for Twickenham. He is also an accomplished musician

NEWS of the M.C.C. team in South Africa continues to be encouraging. And although we need not make too much of their tremendous total against Griqualand West, at least our batsmen seem to be running into form very happily.

It is reassuring to know, moreover, that the injured members of the party seem to be fit again. And now that N. W. D. Yardley has recovered from his strained side and opened his account with such a large innings, he will surely keep the Springbok bowlers very busy.

Golf's No Mystery

By Eleanor E. Helme

Engaged

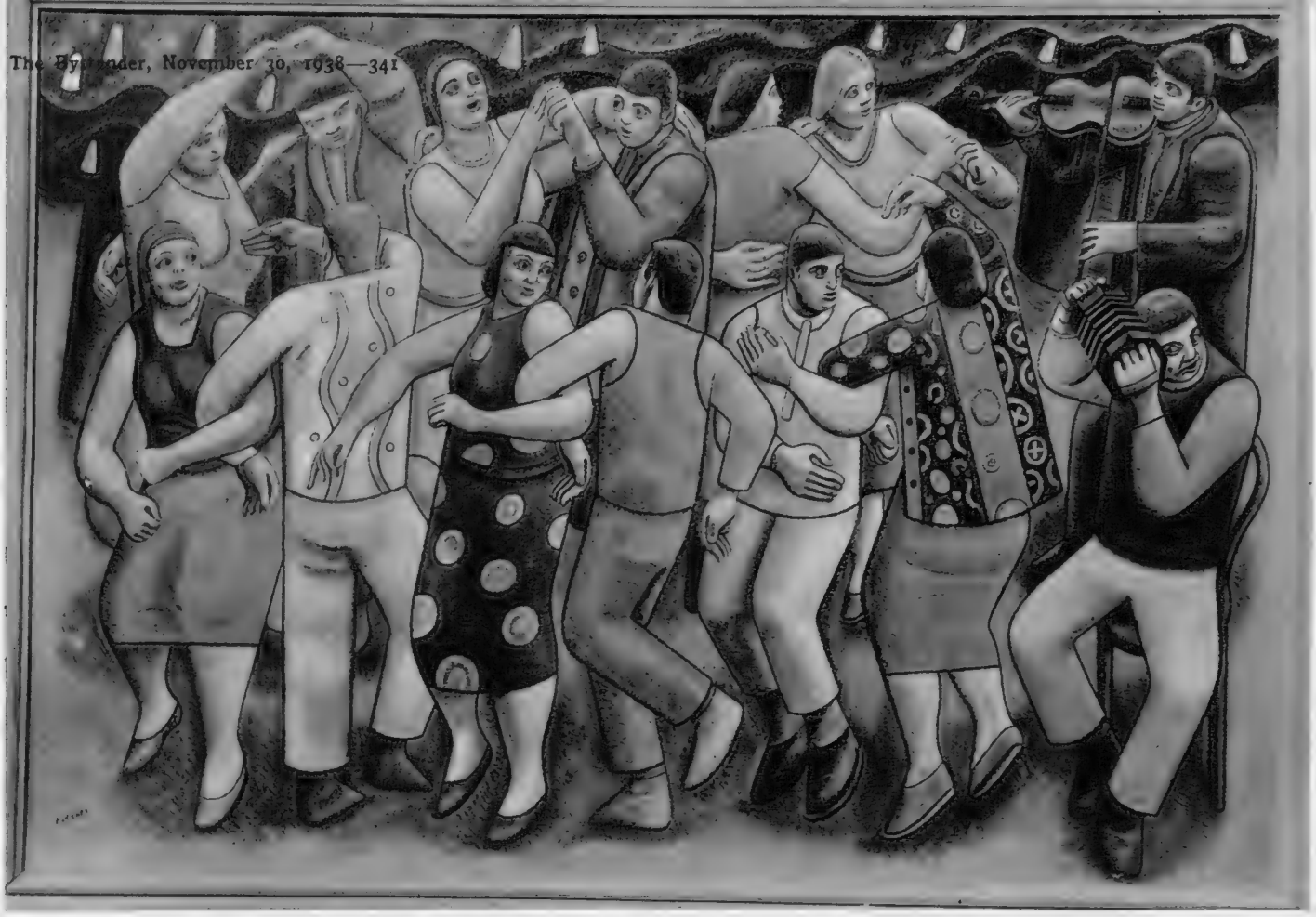
Well known at North Berwick is Miss Julia Dutton, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Bertram Salisbury Butler, of Onslow Court, London. She is the daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton and the Hon. Mrs. Dutton

SOME folk have all the gifts. Not content with winning the Open Championship, R. A. Whitcombe has now produced a book on the game which is worth several of the half-crowns instead of the mere one which is its modest price, and is one of the best, as well as the simplest, of its kind. If you say, probably with truth, that nobody could play golf as superbly as our champion, and at the same time know how to put his knowledge into words, then I can only say that he has had the uncommon good sense and/or good luck to pick the perfect ghost in Peter Lawless. For since it is he who writes the Foreword, no great psychic powers are needed to suspect him of having had a hand in the rest of the book, though he has done it so well that you feel the splendid directness and hard-hitting of Whitcombe in every terse sentence. Their meaning is crystal clear, and that is a thing which can be said of painfully few golfing treatises written by champions.

NOW the first rule of the game, if you mean to review any book, is not to read what the other fellow has said about it first. So I am only guessing what Darwin and Longhurst, Morrison and the rest have written about the right-handed heresy of *Golf's No Mystery*, and, in any case, do not mean to enter the lists of controversy, in spite of some leanings to the heresy myself, having learnt my golf in the days when it was called by the other name. All the same, speaking strictly from the woman's point of view (which Whitcombe probably ignored), I doubt whether the average woman can evolve a successful swing by thinking of it as a movement similar to throwing a stone, for the simple reason that the average woman throws a stone so uncommonly badly. So we will leave that part of the argument alone. What appeals to me enormously as being so sound, and so seldom sufficiently emphasised, is Whitcombe's insistence on absence of tension, deep breathing, and when it comes to putting, playing the shot naturally. "Again and again I must emphasise this tension point," he writes. "Tension anywhere means ruination of your game." Even Miss Wanda Morgan, one of the most natural and freest of swingers, is not immune when she is nervous.

MENTION of Miss Morgan brings uppermost in mind Whitcombe's other potent advice, about breathing. Not necessarily about deep breathing at any odd minute as an aid to bodily fitness and control—though that is extremely sound advice—but about the value of pausing to breathe before playing a shot, most of all a putt. "Conduct the whole delicate operation in your most leisurely fashion, making sure to breathe deep once or twice before you play." That gives me a vivid mental picture of Miss Morgan doing just the reverse in the *Star* finals this autumn, dashing up to the putt and hitting it almost, it seemed, before her club had been grounded. If only she had paused, had breathed deep, once or twice, the putts would have gone in. Ask a billiards player: I warrant all the best pause long enough for a breath before a simple half-ball, the equivalent of a yard putt, and I have a theory that putting and billiards are very closely allied. Deep as may be the horror and disgust when watching those who take three hours to play eighteen holes, there is equal dismay in seeing somebody dash up to a shot and play it without a moment's consideration or pause. That deep breath has a lot to commend it.

And then, lastly, putting, "Rolling 'em in," as the chapter heading has it. "Play the shot quite naturally." "The one thing I can say with certainty is 'Be natural.' Once you start adopting any exaggerated methods you are storing up trouble for yourself. Be natural." That is what Whitcombe is throughout his most excellent book. Never mind whether he is right or wrong over the right hand. Avoid tension, breathe deeply, putt naturally: these are three maxims to be remembered by man or woman.



The painting above, entitled "The Lambeth Walk," is shown by William Roberts in the thirty-seventh exhibition of the London Group at the New Burlington Galleries. "The Lambeth Walk" is not reproduced here for its accuracy of representation—indeed the scenery, the clothes and the physiognomy would be far to seek in Lambeth—but because it is the first record in art of a phenomenon in the modern ballroom: the change from the face-to-face shuffle into more open, even individual, steps which point to the return of the square dance. Given impetus by the success of the Big Apple in America, England has so far produced two notably successful "open" dances: the Lambeth Walk, which swept into the world's ballrooms from *Me and My Girl*, and the Palais Glide, whose steps can be described in terms of pure dance. The latter's exponents below at the Servants' Ball in the Albert Hall include Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch and her daughter, Lady Bartlett — the two not in fancy dress

The New English Dance

Lambeth Walk and Palais Glide

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Professional Scores in 1938

THE average scores of the leading golf professionals for the year 1938 in the major tournaments showed Henry Cotton at the head of the list, with an average of 72·25 strokes per round for twenty rounds.

The major tournaments of 1938 consisted of the *Daily Mail* tournament, played on the course of the Northumberland G.C. on the racecourse at Gosforth Park; the "Silver King" tournament, played at Moor Park, on the West Course and the High Course; the Dunlop-Southport tournament, played on the course of the Southport and Ainsdale G.C.; the Open Championship, played on the course of the Royal St. George's G.C., at Sandwich, in a gale on the last day; the Open Championship of Ireland, played at Portmarnock, in weather conditions unfavourable for low scoring; the *News Chronicle* tournament, played on the extended course of the East Brighton G.C. in a strong wind; and the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament, played on the West Course at Wentworth.

The professional golfer with the lowest average score in the tournaments which I have mentioned wins the Harry Vardon Memorial Trophy. To win this Trophy, at least sixteen rounds must be played, and they must also include the last two rounds in the Open Championship; this last stipulation cuts down the number of possible winners very considerably.

ON occasions, certain professionals have had very successful seasons, and finished with low average scores, but have not managed to qualify for the last day's play in the Open Championship. The conditions of play in the Open Championship were different in 1938 from previous years.

One hundred and thirty were entitled this year to qualify by two rounds of medal play, except that all those who tied for the 130th place were not allowed to play in the Championship proper. It was decided that not more than 130 competitors should play in the Championship proper, consequently it would have been possible, if a large number had tied for 129th place, for all these players to find themselves ineligible for further play.

A maximum number of forty players was allowed for the last day's play. Although there were some complaints that it is possible for a man, who has not qualified under these conditions for the last day's play, to win by producing two exceptional rounds, this contingency is so remote that these complaints are barely worthy of consideration.

The smaller the number of players on the last day, the more comfort they can play in. A small number of competitors also allows them to play in greater comfort, gives them less chance of being put off by either their own gallery or, more important still, somebody else's, and gives them much more chance of playing their best.

IN some of the big tournaments of 1938, especially the Open Championship, the *News Chronicle* tournament at Brighton, and the Open Championship of Ireland, the weather conditions were very unfavourable to low scores; consequently our leading professionals have every reason to be satisfied with their performances, many of which could only be accomplished by producing exceptionally brilliant golf.

Cotton, the man at the head of the averages, did not play in the Dunlop-Southport tournament or the *News Chronicle* tournament. The latter tournament was won by the Open Champion, R. A. Whitcombe, with a score of 300, an extremely high score for the winner of a professional tournament under present-day conditions. When this tournament was being played, Cotton was on a busman's holiday on the Continent, during which he helped to pay his expenses by annexing the German and Czechoslovakian Open Championships at half-throttle.

If Cotton had played at Brighton, I do not think that he would have finished top of the averages, as he was finally only just over a quarter of a stroke better than Perry, who took 81 strokes for his last round at Brighton. Perry was second with an average of 72·54, having played in all the tournaments except the Open Championship of Ireland.

The first player in the averages who played in all the big tournaments, and the Open Championship, was D. J. Rees, who had an average of 74·46 for the twenty-eight rounds which he played, many of them in the most testing weather conditions.

The outstanding performance of the year was Perry's score of 273 in the Dunlop-Metropolitan tournament on the West Course at Wentworth in September. His rounds were 69, 68, 67, and 69, and his last round might easily have been 66, as he lost two shots by going out of bounds at the seventeenth, and took an unnecessary five at the last hole. Perry played his last round in this tournament in under two hours; he was off first. It will be a long time before four rounds all under 70 are returned again in an important professional tournament on a course worthy of an important professional tournament.

G.R.A. Golf

The Greyhound Racing Association Golfing Society played its first match against a team of Blues got up by T. C. Harvey, and beat them by two points at Coombe Hill. Foursomes only were played, in one of which R. W. Upex (G.R.A.) met A. S. Gilbey (Harvey's)

Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, leading light of the G.R.A. team, T. C. Harvey, organiser of the G.R.A.'s opponents, L. G. Crawley (G.R.A.) and G. H. Micklem (Harvey's) met in the top foursome at Coombe Hill, which resulted in a beating for the younger pair

John Lawrie and Frank Pennink were two of Harvey's team at Coombe Hill: W. Lister Hartley and F. S. Gentle were playing for the G.R.A.G.S. The latter pair lost 6 and 5 and also lost in the afternoon to Harvey and Micklem (other picture)

The first pheasant shoot *at Westwood Park, Lord Doverdale's place in Worcestershire, took place on a mildly boisterous November day*

A Party To Shoot

The party *consisted of nine guns and two women—the hostess, Lady Doverdale, and Miss Ivy Tresmand, the actress. The guns were (in front) Lord Doverdale, Major W. Taylor, Captain Harold Balfour, Mr. Tom Purdey, Mr. E. I. Rowart; (behind) Sir William Gowers, Mr. Vivian Cornelius, Colonel J. J. Llewellin. Captain A. Astley Jones. Sir William Gowers is the Senior Crown Agent for the Colonies*

The Admiralty *was represented by its Civil Lord, Colonel J. J. Llewellin, M.P. for Uxbridge, whose home is in Dorset, where he is a keen Territorial—commands the Dorset Heavy Brigade*

The Air Ministry *was represented by its Under-Secretary, Captain Harold Balfour, M.P. for Thanet, and himself a keen airman. Anxiously watching his shot were Lady Doverdale and Miss Ivy Tresmand*

Anthony

Wanda Rotha : Elisabeth of Austria

It is appropriate for Wanda Rotha to play Elisabeth of Austria in the play of that name at the Garrick, for just as the Empress was among the last of the Austrian dynasty, so is Miss Rotha among the last of the Austrian stage tradition. Entirely Viennese by birth and training, Wanda Rotha started acting at fifteen, played her first lead in Pirandello's *Six Characters*. After a big success in *Wunder Bar*, she transferred to the country that has now absorbed hers, made films with Ufa, appeared in plays at Berlin's Volksbühne (one of which featured her as Franz Josef's mistress), took the part of Cleopatra opposite Hubner as Cæsar in a Hamburg production of Shaw's historical jape. She has now become one of the many additions to London art, for which we must thank Herr Hitler. Her Elisabeth, opposite Gyles Isham's Franz Josef, has been widely praised for its balance of pathos and high spirits, although the Sprigge sisters'-in-law play itself did not receive bouquets without thorns. Miss Rotha, who last year appeared in *The Astonished Ostrich* (Duke of York's) and *Queen Christina* (Westminster), has plainly earned a high place in the London theatre

Films of the Day

British Themes Abroad

By George Campbell

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE," as a stage thriller, seemed to me pretty fair. As a film it is, in its amusingly bogus way, quite definitely good. Warners, who specialise in the lighter side of crime, have shifted the action to New York, and had the story re-written to bring in a glamour-girl as fence. Both changes are for the better. The crazy Clitterhouse, dabbling in crime so that he may record his pulse and blood-pressure, testing the reactions of his gang even in the midst of dangerous jobs, always had his spiritual home on the other side of the Atlantic. As for the fence, any excuse for introducing Claire Trevor is all right with this department. She is pretty and she has poise, and although the dialogue allotted to her in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* is not exactly sparkling, she makes, as she always does, the best of it.

The film is, of course, a vehicle for the actor playing the fashionable doctor, and I must confess that at first sight Edward G. Robinson struck me as an odd and not very happy choice. Perhaps it is because we have seen him too often in gangster films, but the fact remains that if an adult recovered consciousness to see Mr. Robinson reaching for his stethoscope, he would automatically try and beat him to it, and children would go right off in screaming convulsions.

THE scenario is decidedly ingenious. By giving Clitterhouse an inspector for a patient it is possible to exploit such pleasant situations as the doctor walking into police headquarters with a bag full of stolen jewels, and having a detective run after him when he absent-mindedly leaves it behind. There is another agreeable novelty in the fur-robbery scene—an attempt by the sinister crook (Humphrey Bogart) to kill the doctor by locking him in the refrigerating chamber in which the furs are kept. The plan goes wrong when one of the dumb, old-fashioned crooks (Maxie Rosenbloom, the eminent pugilist) comes to the rescue with an oxy-acetylene lamp and cuts a piece out of the steel door as easily as you or I would slice off a bit of gorgonzola. Easier, perhaps, judging by an experience I had with gorgonzola in a fashionable restaurant yesterday.

BEST of all the innovations in the script is the last trial scene. Counsel for the defence is trying to get the doctor off on the ground that he is mad. But since a mad doctor can hardly produce a sane book, and he is determined that at all costs his book shall be accepted by the scientific world, the prisoner emphatically declines to accept this defence. With their poor heads buzzing with the jargon of psychiatry, the jury get down to one practical question. Does the doctor, knowing his only hope of life rests on proving he is mad, still protest his sanity? Certainly, says Dr. Clitterhouse. "Not guilty," returns the foreman of the jury, fainting with relief from the strain. And the thing ends with people fanning him and somebody demanding, "Is there a doctor in the court?"

THERE was a time—the youth of Kipling, Henry Seton Merriman, A. E. W. Mason, John Buchan, and the rest, and, long before them, G. A. Henty and W. H. G. Kingston—when it was the British who specialised in tales of heroism and conquest overseas. Now we leave it to the French, while we are content with crook stuff, musical comedy and bedroom farce. A proof of degeneracy, I suppose, like giving up the old tin tub and cold water for a porcelain affair in which one can be daily and effeminately parboiled.

Légions d'Honneur is one of those things that the French do extremely well. It opens with a court-martial, played with that magnificent realism and tensity that the French know how to achieve. Nine British directors out of ten would have dragged in a woman, and introduced a Cockney witness or two by way of comic relief. The French, more sincere, are not afraid of an appearance of austerity; they know that if well constructed and well acted, the thing will hold.

Légions d'Honneur has its weaknesses. Not even a court-martial would believe that an officer with a record of heroism would deliberately wound himself in peace time, for so trivial a motive. We who know our screen guess right away that he is protecting somebody else: a woman is mixed up in it somewhere. On top of which there is one flagrant impossibility. The lieutenant, while the guest of his captain, visits the captain's wife and is shot at in the dark. By running hard he gets back into bed in time to prevent his host from suspecting anything; but how can he hope that the wound will escape the sharp and experienced eye of his host next morning? The director just skips it. A small thing, but irritating, and it is a tribute to the skill with which the rest of the film is made that after a momentary protest you allow yourself to be carried along to the spectacular end.

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

Barré Lyndon's London stage success has been made into a film by Warners, with Edward G. Robinson in Ralph Richardson's part of the doctor who goes into crime to study his reactions. In the group here are Maxie Rosenbloom, looking like a degenerate Noel Coward, Edward G., Claire Trevor, whose part was specially introduced for the film, and Humphrey Bogart. "Dr. Clitterhouse," at the Warner, is reviewed here

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Neolithic Dago

By V. S. Pritchett

WHAT is England, and what is the English character? Entrancing and futile questions. Years ago, Señor Madariaga, like a highbrow fortune-teller, invented an Englishman called the Man of Action. Alas, the Continent of Europe is full of perpetual undergraduates when generalisations are going free. Men of action—we who are always rattled in a crisis and who invented the phrase "masterly inactivity"!—I prefer Señor Ortega y Gasset's definition: he once said that the English character had been formed by snobbery and the Bible. Mr. Wyndham Lewis rewrites the two-nation theory in similar terms: there are the tough upper classes and the maudlin Bible-classes. It is a new parlour game.

The Mysterious Mr. Bull (Hale; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is not one of Mr. Lewis's major pamphlets; the punch is slacker, the footwork slower, the sparring careless and conventional. Also, the sentimental "little man" one had always suspected under the overcoat of *The Enemy*, pops forgivingly out like a mild little referee. It is a vice in the opposition not to oppose. Still, he is never dull. When he does land a blow, he lands it perfectly; for example, when he describes us as being in a state of sit-down strike about everything since the war. Broadly speaking, he takes the view that we are as stupid as we look and sound, and that there is no mystery about our "mild and agreeable blend of Neolithic dago and Low German" at all, except that your good old Tory virtues and mine have been travestied or driven underground by a sheep-faced race of parvenu Empire-builders and financiers, who sit on our necks and persuade us, quite easily, to sing that we never, never, never shall be slaves.

At propagandist, commercial and sentimental prompting Englishmen are readily persuaded that they still live in that cloud-cuckoo, pre-industrial, pre-Empire England which Lord Baldwin, as a repentant Midland manufacturer, evokes so persuasively from time to time. The more the Englishman eats Argentine beef, lives in fake Tudor villas or colonial bungalows in a countryside which is like the waste land of Wolverhampton or Tulse Hill, the more he is willing to believe he is living in the England of *The Times*' country photographs. The Englishman—but the Englishman is dead. He is no longer the eighteenth-century John Bull. He is a member of one of the two English nations which Disraeli discovered—when it could be hushed up no longer—the Public School and Board School nations; and while the gulf between the two nations has grown wider and wider since the industrial revolution, the gentleman myth which hangs over it has now become as deadly to the gentleman as it was maddening to his victims. There is nothing new in this. Mr. Shaw has been saying it for years. We have moved from "a master and man" system to a producer and consumer system, and paternalism ends by killing the pater. Still, Mr. Lewis says, it costs ten pounds to become an Englishman (or *Daily Express* neo-Briton or Strube's Little Man), and in the present state of the national virtue market, it looks worth the money.

PROFESSOR NOTESTEIN, in a more suave and scholarly search for Mr. (and Mrs.) Bull, has set out a gallery of portraits from the Elizabethan period to the present day, in *English Folk* (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*). They range from labourers to squires, and are taken from that curious literature of diaries and letters which has given us the domestic lives of types as various as Parson Woodforde, Nicholas Assheton, Lady Frederick Cavendish and George Sturt's old gardener, Frederick Bettesworth. The noticeable thing, up to the nineteenth century, as Professor Notestein says, is the freedom with which the classes mingled. They mingled because their status was understood and defined. The change came—and here he agrees with Mr. Wyndham Lewis—with Imperialism, the sudden increase in wealth. This change is the crack which runs through all estimates of English life's character based on traditional evidence. Personally, I prefer the original books to Professor Notestein's summaries, where they are available; on the other hand, *English Folk* brings together a representative band who are neglected on their separate shelves.

Heath Robinson and Tom Driberg

This artist and this journalist ("William Hickey" to his readers) were at the Foyle's "London Guyed" Luncheon, "London Guyed" being a collection of satirical sketches by well-known writers, recently published by Hutchinson. Heath Robinson, whose famous drawings have made his name the most descriptive of all adjectives for any ingenious and ramshackle mechanical contrivance, has just had his book "My Line of Life" published by Blackie

THE scene of Mr. Edward Crankshaw's novel, *Nina Lessing* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is Vienna, and the book is a minutely detailed analysis of a love-affair between a famous ballet dancer and a rising and stubborn English musician, an affair which is finally wrecked by their unyielding egoisms. The excellence of Mr. Crankshaw is in his elaborate building-up of Nina, and especially in his handling of the interwoven motives of personal feeling and artistic principle. In love, at its intensity, a man and woman exchange characters, and Nina, the Austrian, the enemy of compromise, finds she has taken over her lover's English instinct for compromise, while he, the apostle of it, does not compromise at all. These passages show an astute knowledge of English character, as well as human psychology. The defect of the book is that it is too coldly reasoned, and the hypnotic Proustian sentences, though spiced by sudden colloquialism, are Proust steam-rolled and abstract. Consequently, they are neutralised. "Neutral" is, in fact, one of Mr. Crankshaw's overworked words, and his style, despite his exciting subtlety, recalls to me the almost comic monotone of an epitaph I once saw: "And she, forming a correct estimate of the heavenly riches which awaited her, resigned her earthly breath and ascended to the possession of this inheritance."

"AFTER THE DEATH OF DON JUAN," by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is more spirited in the droll, artificial manner of a ballet de mœurs, and smacks a good deal of *The Three-Cornered Hat*. Don Juan, according to his valet's report, has been carried off to hell by the Commander's statue in the Mozart and Zorilla fashion; and Doña Ana, who had hoped to be seduced by him, and who, having missed the pleasure, is full of indignant virtue, goes off with her family to mourn with the libertine's father in the provinces. And here one sees the other side of Don Juan, the political blight he has cast upon the peasants. The liberal landowner, his father, has had to forgo his schemes of improvement to pay up his son's debts, and when Don Juan turns up—not having died at all—the comedy of Doña Ana's virtue, her duenna's stuffy piety, and her husband's amour propre, is turned into tragedy; for the peasants revolt, and Don Juan is as cynical in politics as he is irresponsible in love. True; that is Seville, and Miss Warner manages a political fable without being stiff and didactic, and drives coffin-nails into a comedy without wrecking her book. The tale would, however, have been better, I think, as a short story.

I RECOMMEND, in addition, the following novels:

Irish Tales. By Pat Mullen. (Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Flowers Without Sun. By Jean Ross. (Thornton Butterworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Nobody's Town. By Edna Ferber. (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Younger Venus. By Naomi Royde Smith. (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Salute to Freedom. By Eric Lowe. (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*)

And Tell of a Time. By Laura Krey. (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*)

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 167

Sketch by Eric Fraser

Two Foot High

By Hylton Cleaver

"I FELT seven foot high as I came out," he used to say. And he would hump his shoulders with delight.

She liked to hear him. In that mood he came home head and shoulders above everybody else. It made him different from all other fathers. She did not let him know he was magnificent. He was quite vain enough. But she thought so.

"Good heavens!" he would cry, if she found difficulty over anything. "Why, I could do it better myself—*and* in my bedroom slippers!"

Sometimes he was like a painter, sometimes not.

He hadn't a beard and he didn't wear long hair or highly coloured clothes. But he was unstable, lank, intense. He went on simple errands with importance, and treated vital matters with disdain. Lantern-jawed, he looked a leader. He couldn't lead anybody, really. He was led.

"I felt seven foot high as I came out of the shop."

That meant that he had sold a picture.

Sometimes they gave him thirty pounds. Whether it was five or fifty he used the same peculiar method of disposing of it. He changed it all into half-crowns.

He went back to his rambling studio, and cast those half-crowns everywhere. He bowled them into corners, and they tinkled behind curtains, under mats and into crevices. He tossed them on top of cupboards, hid them among his clothing, scattered them like grain.

If he kept thirty pounds in his pocket he would only spend it, he explained. This way, when he wanted money, he was made to look for it. He never knew how much was left, and so he wasn't prodigal. He was never absolutely broke. Even if he couldn't find one last half-crown, he was encouraged to continue looking.

That was what he said. But it was not the proper reason.

"Anyone with any claim on me," he said, "can help themselves."

"Nobody has any claim," Deirdre said, "but me."

A woman came in to clean up two days a week. She was honest.

She knew about the half-crowns, and would leave them where she found them. Even models, catching sight of glittering silver suddenly, would know they mustn't touch. Friends had been known to sit on chairs and say "Confound it! Here is one of your abominable half-crowns."

"They 're safer there than in the Bank of England," he would say. "And a darned sight more useful."

Deirdre, at seventeen, had black hair and blue eyes. Her skin was the most exquisite thing about her, though she also had nice legs. She scarcely ever laughed. Her father laughed enough for two. He had a voice of vibrant bass. She tried to paint.

"You couldn't paint the inside of a hat," he used to tell her. "You couldn't paint a bowler black. But still, your daughter will be able to. It manages to miss a generation, mostly."

She couldn't find out much about her mother. When she asked what her mother had been like he only said:

"It 's no use asking me. I hardly knew her."

"But you were married," she would urge. And he would shrug his high, square shoulders. "Ah, we were married, yes. That 's why I hardly knew her. If we had lived in sin, we should have got on so much better."

"Is she dead now?" Deirdre asked.

"I hope not," he would say.

She called him Tobias. One has to call a unique father something, and his ordinary name was Walter.

One day he brought another woman home.

She *was* "another woman" to Deirdre, who had a strong sense of possession. And she looked at the woman but did not see her as a menace; would not permit herself to do so. Deirdre would have been superb on her way to the guillotine. She had that attitude to peril and indignity.

Tobias strode in leading this other woman by the hand, and he said:

"Now look, Deirdre, please, and learn Here is what I call one truly lovely creature. Walking along the road with her just now I felt seven foot high." Then he swung round and asked: "What did you say your name was?"

The woman just looked at Deirdre "Isn't he hopeless? I 'm so sorry." And then she said: "We met this evening, at the club. He *would* rush me round here."

"He 's going to paint you, is he?"

"No. He said I must stay here for the night."

"I see," said Deirdre calmly, and to Tobias: "Where is she going to sleep?"

"I 've had no time to think of little things like that," he said. "But she can't pay the rent at her place, so they 've turned her out. You see how beautiful she is? To let her walk about all night, looking as beautiful as that would be to deny God 'You must come home at once,' I said. 'You will be safe with us.'" He turned again. "What did you say your name was?"

"May."

He was Tobias and his daughter Deirdre. They lived by no known rules, and now in their midst was this strange woman who, above all else, was stodgy, and her name was May. It seemed incongruous.

"What are you doing?" said the woman, walking across to look down at Deirdre's lap.

"Darning his socks."

"And you see how she sets about it," said Tobias. "Blue socks are patched with white wool, grey with red."

"It 's such a dreadful business otherwise," Deirdre sighed. "You have to make it interesting somehow."

(*Continued on page* 352)

These Matinée filter tipped Virginia cigarettes in their slim black case cost 1/- for 15

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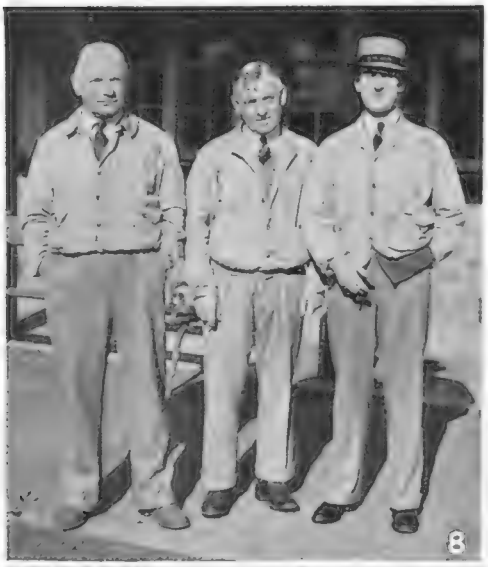
Golf Clubs at Home : York

The York Golf Club was founded in 1890 with a membership of fifty and a nine-hole course of an artificial nature on soft clay at Knavesmire. In 1904 the club transferred its course to an infinitely superior site at Strensall, and in 1905 nine holes were added to make up the present eighteen. The course is on moorland and sand and is of an open nature. The ladies' section, members of which are included here for the first time in this series, was opened in 1906



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This England . . .

Over the Weald of Kent

ROMAN and Jutlander and Norman have passed this way upon their unconscious mission of making the English. So if the soft beauty of Kent and the gentle speech of the people charm you, do not be misled; beneath lies English character of the sturdiest sort. The Dauphin took Rochester and the Dutch sailed up the Medway—to their regret. And Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and Thomas Wyatt expressed the will of Kent to the discomfort of authority. Now are the people become gardeners, famed for a flower that you rarely see—the hop, that flavours such great beer as Worthington. Indeed, this ancient brew has somewhat the qualities of these Englishmen—mellowed by much experience, strong, yet kindly in its way with you.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Two Foot High

(Continued from page 348)

Fancy being called a name like May! That went with darning socks, it seemed to her. So did the general shape and outlook of the woman. Deirdre didn't think her beautiful at all. Her features were too broad, her eyes too dull, her skin too sallow. But then, although she had been brought up by a painter, she did not understand art. And maybe she was wrong. Better be pleasant, she supposed. No use to antagonise the woman, or to make Tobias angry.

"You 'll have to go into my room," said Deirdre. "May and I will sleep here in the studio. She can sleep behind that curtain and I can lie on the settee."

"Have I to go into your room? What a curse!" said Tobias.

"I said it would be a nuisance," May remarked. "I 'd better go again."

"Don't you do anything of the sort," Deirdre said. "He always makes a fuss if he 's put out at all. He likes to issue invitations, and that 's the end of it. He 'll sleep in my room far more comfortably than ever he sleeps out here."

May sat down. Perhaps, from a painter's point of view, her features had a sort of classic regularity. Deirdre couldn't say much else for them, and they didn't appeal to her. May watched Deirdre darning. After a little while she said: "Can I do some? I 'd like to."

"Oh, I 'm finishing," Deirdre said. "I did it more to occupy my mind than because I had to. It 's time we had supper."

"Yes, and we must have wine for supper," said Tobias. "I must go out and shop immediately."

He started hunting behind the furniture. His long arm reached down behind a chest; his fingers clawed one inch above the floor, trying to search the floor-space. When he straightened his back again he had three half-crowns in his fist.

May and Deirdre sat alone when he had gone.

"You 're like him, in a way," said May. "Of course, you 're pretty and he 's plain, and yet your features are alike. Did you mind him bringing me back? You 're bound to, I suppose. But it won't be for long. I shall find another job soon, and be gone again. It 's true. I *should* have had to walk about to-night. You can tell most people that, and they just say they 're sorry, then disappear. It makes them feel embarrassed, I suppose. Your father was the only one. He just said straight out I was to come back here. Of course, he said that I was beautiful. He didn't mean it, naturally. That was just his excuse. If I were ugly it wouldn't matter walking about at night and there would be no need to take me in. He just wanted to ease my conscience. So, if I can help you, tell me what to do."

"We 'll lay the table," said Deirdre. "He 's sure to come in hungry."

TOBIAS marched between the street stalls dictatorially. He had his half-crowns, and his lips were pursed for bargaining. His eyebrows stood a little forward. He had his shoulders high.

He had brought home Deirdre's mother.

It was quite true. She *was* hard up. But there was nothing more in it than that. She hadn't become an old soak or anything. She wasn't going to be a nuisance. She had had quite a good position in a store. That was the type she looked. Pleasant-faced, though worried now. Suburban. Managing. Now she had lost her post. It wasn't mere chance that she had found Tobias. He had never known where she was. She had always known where to find him.

Now she had no more money and no home. She had gone to the club not to beg or weep or make a scene. But to ask quietly if he could help her . . . . for a day or two.

"Oh, but you must come home!" he had exclaimed. "You 'll have to meet Deirdre. She asks about you often."

That she had jibbed at. Absolutely. It was too late now, she said, ever to come together. The time had gone when Deirdre would have liked to have a mother. At this age she would resent her. But she would like to see her once. "Do it your own way," she had said. "You 'll know best how to handle her. Just say I 'm someone you 've brought home. Will she mind, do you think?"

"Of course not."

Now he was shopping. He had left them together. How would they react to one another?

This is what they were saying:

"You find it a job—you must do—to look after a man like that. Any woman loves a father who 's so different to anybody else's father, but I suppose you 've had to shape your life so that it fits with his. That must have been difficult. You 're not artistic, are you?"

"I can't paint, no, but I like the way we live."

"He never saves, I suppose?" said May. "He never puts money by? You have to take care of him, eh? I always did put money by. It 's not done any good to me. Here I am now, with all my savings gone, coming for help to somebody who never saved. They are the kind who give it to you. And it shows you, doesn't it? His way 's right."

That is how they were talking as they laid the table for supper, when Tobias came in with arms full of parcels. But Deirdre didn't like the woman. She was stodgy.

(Concluded on page ii)

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2-bottle 3-bottle
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C.F.H.

Two Foot High

(Continued from page 352)

Tobias said: "I had to buy *three* chops, and that 's much more expensive. 'Three?' said the man. 'You must have company.' 'I have a guest,' I said, 'for dinner.' 'You 'll have to paint another picture, then,' he said. I said, 'I will paint one of your stinking meat, and you in the middle of it with your lordly independence.'"

DEIRDRE said next day: "Why did you bring that woman here? You could have given her some money. And I don't think her beautiful."

"Oh, but she is!" Tobias said. "You see, she 's not like us."

May had gone out to look for work.

"But do you like her *voice*?" Deirdre argued. "I don't care what anybody looks like if I can't stand their voices."

"Don't you think anybody but ourselves is any good?"

"Last night," Deirdre said, "I thought she was stodgy. Now I can't understand her. Is she putting *on* the stodginess? Actually, she 's a thief."

Tobias turned to look at her. The towel was half-way to his dripping face. He stood there without moving. Deirdre had her back to him. She was doing something at the table. Pretending to iron. Tobias waited for her to turn round and look at him. She didn't turn, so he held the towel in mid-air, part wrapped about one hand, part gathered in a bunch behind one ear.

"What has she stolen?"

"We shall have to find somewhere else to keep our money if she stays here. No one has ever taken it before. No one who ever came here. What does *she* want to take it for?"

"How do you mean . . . ?"

"Oh, don't be silly, dear! People come and see the light shine on a half-crown in the corner of the studio. They don't take any notice. She makes a note of it, remembers where it is, then waits till everyone has gone to bed, creeps out of bed, and gets it—after you brought her here and fed her."

"You saw her do that?"

"She thought I was asleep."

"Then, if she thought so, it was dishonest of you not to be."

"I couldn't sleep. I didn't get a wink all night."

"Why not?"

"I don't like other people in the room."

He slowly dried his face and neck. He dried the same place for a long time, rubbing at it absently, watching as she stooped above the table, ironing something there on purpose not to look at him.

"So she picked up half-a-crown and kept it?"

"Yes, and she never said so. I don't see why she couldn't ask. Nobody else has ever been in here and taken any of your money sneakingly."

"It means she isn't coming back," Tobias said, "that 's what."

"She won't get far with half-a-crown."

"When I began to throw my money round the studio like that," he said, "somebody told me I was mad. I said, 'No, I don't think so. Everyone knows the money 's there, so nobody will take it.' And I said, 'If ever anybody were all-in, and couldn't find me, they could open the door and come in here, and look round for a half-crown, and be welcome. That would content them, and they would take nothing else.'"

He had begun to tie his tie.

He was looking in the mirror. He could see Deirdre's back-view bent above the table still.

"In public houses," he remarked, "and places people easily break into, where they have cash-registers and things, do you know what they do? They leave an odd note lying near, so that people who break in can grab it up and get away again, and not do any damage smashing things. Perhaps I 'm not so silly as you think. I strew my money round the studio, and anyone who has a claim can come and help themselves. Then they don't hurt anything I value more."

"What else could she have taken?"

"Well," said Tobias, buttoning his waistcoat, "she might have taken me from you . . . you might have found a liking for her, never having had an older woman round the place, and so she might have taken you from me. But she left us together, and I don't think we need grudge her half-a-crown. It 's possible she isn't going to spend it, but wear it round her neck. You never know."

He put his jacket on. He remembered very clearly the day May and he had parted.

"I 'm never going to lock my money up!" he had cried, as his farewell. "I 'll always throw it round the room, the way you say I *do* throw it about. And any time you 're short, and find the door unlocked, walk in and help yourself. You 're welcome—so long as you leave the child to me!"

Now she had left the child to him and taken half-a-crown and gone.

He said in a small voice:

"Never lock the door when you go out. She may come back one day. I wouldn't like to feel she couldn't get inside and find another half-crown in emergency. It 's for her sake I 'll fling it round the room."

Deirdre turned perplexedly.

"But *did* you think her beautiful?"

"To-day she makes me feel," he said, "no more than two feet high."

Then he put on his hat and went to search for her.

That, of course, was in vain.

THE END.

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EDINBURGH - - at Jenners
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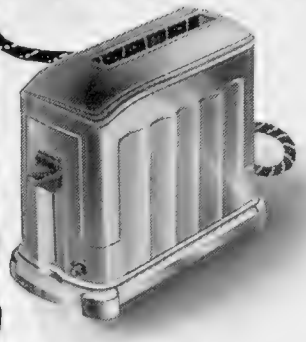

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CVS—42

The International Aero Show

By Charles Ward

British 'Planes in Paris

THE sixteenth Salon de l'Aviation, or as it is known amongst flying people in England, the Paris Show, opened its doors last Friday and will continue until December 11th. There is something appropriate about an exhibition in Paris which London lacks. It may be the climate or the lack of restriction on entertainment, but the fact remains that France has had its static display of aircraft sixteen times since 1909, whereas we have had only two, the last being at Olympia in 1929. In the early days France took the lead from the States, and taught most of the pioneers the tricky art of flying. In 1908 Farman flew one kilometre in a closed circuit. Bleriot crossed the Channel in 1909, and in 1913 Roland Garros flew the Mediterranean. An account of these journeys makes strange reading now that we are accustomed to Atlantic crossings by air-liner, to ranges of 8000 miles without a stop, and to speeds approaching 500 miles an hour. Britain is well represented in the Salon, where eight makers of 'planes and engines and fifteen accessory firms have taken space. Two multi-gun fighters, the "Hurricane" and the "Spitfire," with the latest type of "Blenheim" bomber, form the centrepiece of the S.B.A.C. exhibit. Each of the fighters is armed with eight machine-guns, mounted in the wings. They are undoubtedly the fastest and best of their type in the world. The "Spitfire" flew to Paris in fifty minutes, an odd time for a 'plane with which the Air Ministry hope to regain the speed record for Great Britain. One can only conclude that it was not trying, because Hubert Broad flew a "Comet" to Paris in fifty minutes three years ago, and Jim Mollison, with Amy Johnson, averaged 200 miles an hour all the way to Baghdad non-stop in the same type during the race from Mildenhall to Melbourne. We know that the "Spitfire" flies faster than 350. Large-scale production is being maintained at the "Supermarine" factory, and Lord Nuffield is to build 1000 at his new factory in Birmingham. I asked Charles Brown how he managed to secure the picture of the "Spitfire" which appears on

(*Concluded on page* vi)

Charles E. Brown

"Spitfire," the fastest interceptor fighter in the world, is being exhibited by the Air Ministry at the Paris Show. Its engine of 1250 horse-power will be on view at the Rolls-Royce stand

INFORMATION, Advice and free descriptive literature from the Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau—Mailing Dept. 5—Carlton House, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1 (WHitehall 9851), Railway Continental Enquiry Offices, and Travel Agents.

Peaceful Switzerland

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SUMMER 1939 — See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich, May to October.

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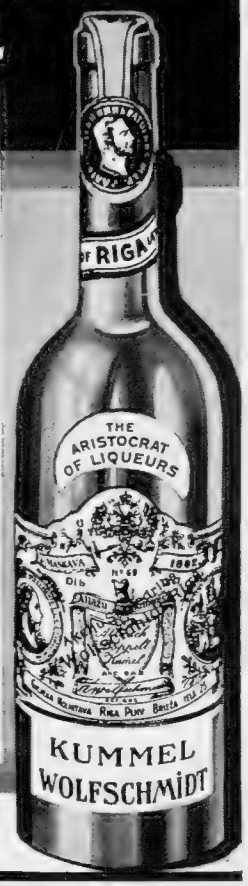
London	1862	Bronze medal
Riga	1865	Bronze medal
St. Petersburg	1870	Silver medal
Vienna	1873	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Bronze medal
Mitau	1875	Silver medal
Paris	1878	2 golden medals
Moscow	1882	Coat of Wards
Bordeaux	1882	Golden medal
Paris	1882	Golden medal
Naples	1883	Golden medal
Amsterdam	1883	Golden medal
Caracas	1883	Golden medal
Riga	1883	Hors Concours
Nice	1884	Honorable Diploma
London	1884	Golden medal
Antwerp	1885	Golden medal
Liverpool	1886	Golden medal
Edinburgh	1886	Silver medal
Brussels	1888	Golden medal
Tiflis	1889	Hors Concours
Chicago	1893	Golden medal
Paris	1893	Honorable Diploma
Antwerp	1894	Honorable diploma
Amsterdam	1895	Golden medal
Bordeaux	1895	Honorable diploma
Lübeck	1895	Golden medal
N. Nowgorod	1896	Coat of Wards
Paris	1900	Grand Prix
Glasgow	1901	Honorable diploma
Zürich	**1930**	Golden medal
Riga	**1932**	Golden medal
Florence	1934	Grand Prix / Golden medal
Brussels	1935	Grand Prix
Paris	1937	Grand Prix



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HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

Ever fallen for the lure of South America in Winter . . . ever followed the sun beyond the blue horizon, 'rolling down to Rio' and those other fabulous cities of pleasure? If you have, then its charms live forever in your memory . . . one chapter at least in your record of wanderlust brilliantly written!

A magic continent this . . . steeped in the romance of storied Inca and Conquistador. Land of vast pampas . . . of the mighty Andes . . . of impenetrable jungle and deep-flowing river. A country of Latin verve and tropic beauty . . . where one can bathe one's being in sunshine, drench one's soul in colour.

Rio de Janeiro, with 'Sugar Loaf' standing sentinel over the sparkling blue bay . . . Buenos Aires . . . Monte Video . . . Santiago . . .

Gay cities, these, with their plazas and their boulevards, their race-tracks and casinos. As modern as the hour . . . as sophisticated as Paris, London, New York. Where one can lounge in the bar and hear drinks called in a score of tongues in as many minutes.

Cities that live in 'carioca time.' Not the coldly efficient carioca we know in the North. But the passionate native rhythm that swings you irresistibly into the dance . . . headlong into the swim of things!

For the coming season Cooks have a rich menu of travel plans featuring South America. Here are some of the 'stars':

CRUISES ROUND SOUTH AMERICA

M.V. "Gripsholm"

82 Days, from 144 Gns.

Sailing from Southampton, Jan. 16.

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GO THERE THIS WINTER!

The International Aero Show

(Continued from page iv)

the previous page. It's not easy to get a snapshot so clearly defined of a 'plane travelling at such tremendous speed. His station for the picture was the aft turret of a Southampton flying boat, and the pilot of the "Spitfire" obliged by zooming into view at the right moment. Phillips and Powis are showing the Miles "Monarch," a light touring monoplane which has been selling well in this country and abroad. It is fitted with a propeller that changes pitch automatically. Twenty British aero-engines are staged, ranging from the Bristol Hercules of 1400 h.p. to the Cirrus Midget of 50 h.p. designed by Blackburns for light aeroplanes. Rolls-Royce is showing the Merlin, which has a power take-off at 1300 h.p. Comparisons between British, French and other Continental types make this year's Show the most interesting of any previously held. Technical experts, politicians and mere sightseers from every country in Europe have taken tickets for Paris.

A Fairey Liner

FOR many years the air-liner market in England has been a close one. Imperial Airways has been the big customer and Handley Page, Armstrongs, de Havillands, and more recently, Short Brothers, have shared the few orders that have been placed. It came, therefore, as a welcome surprise that Fairey's were to build a liner, for with the exception of the long-range monoplane which flew non-stop to South Africa some years ago, this company has concentrated on military types. The liner is to be built for the Air Ministry and will be a low-wing monoplane, entirely of metal. A top speed of 275 miles an hour is specified, with a cruising rate at 220 miles an hour. Horse-power will exceed 4000 and range will be limited to 1000 miles with thirty passengers or 1500 miles with twenty up. British Airways needed a new fleet for the operation of services from London to all the capitals of Europe and the Fairey design was put in hand for this purpose. Presumably, the Imperial Airways Corporation will take over the development of these European routes, if and when the merger between the two companies occurs. An interesting feature of the design is a retractile tricycle undercarriage, with a wheel under the nose instead of under the tail. This has been tested with success by the Douglas Company in their D.C.4, the largest passenger 'plane in the States. Its advantage from the point of view of passengers is that the cabin is level when landing, an important detail making for the comfort of those who may be asleep in their bunks at the time. Short Brothers are also building landplanes for Imperial routes, one being a stratosphere type with supercharged cabins for passengers and crew. It will operate at 30,000 feet, a height where oxygen or a normal air supply is essential. There is an obvious difficulty in supplying everyone in the 'plane with his or her own oxygen bottle, so the sealed cabin with a form of supercharging is the answer. De Havillands are full out with the production of "Flamingo," a high-wing monoplane

Captain R. A. C. Brie, manager and chief pilot for the Autogiro Company, demonstrating a kite built on rotating-wing principles, which will fly to a great height

For Flying

INSTRUMENT design is still at an adolescent stage. An inventor in the United States claims to have produced something which will warn a pilot of his exact altitude above ground, but such a device cannot be relied upon in mountainous country, where altitude may change too rapidly for the pilot to effect the necessary corrections. It would however, be of great value for landing in fog, once the aerodrome had been located and the 'plane set on the right course for its blind approach. Heston is to be made available for the ZZ system, which is much in favour amongst Swiss and German pilots. It has the merit of simplicity, but special training is still needed, both for pilots and for members of the ground staff who play a vital part in guiding the pilot during the approach

THE
"WRAITH"

"Everyone is agreed that, if independent front-wheel springing is really well designed and made, it represents an advance on the through axle and gives better steering, better road holding and better riding.
With the Rolls-Royce Company there is no doubt about the design and manufacture and the WRAITH rides like a—like a wraith. Moreover, the complete freedom from kick on the steering wheel, and the ease with which the wheel can be spun, minister to the illusion of disembodied floating. Those who still have any doubts left about the value of independent front-wheel mounting should try this car."

The Tatler 19th October 1938

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The Best Car in the World

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COSMETIC or PLASTIC SURGERY
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PAINLESS COSMETIC SURGERY allied to MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE, is, of course, the only method for permanently correcting such conditions as :—
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Not only can imperfections of Nature or Accident be removed, but you can be made to look several years younger.
Consultations without charge or obligation.
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International Specialists.
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AGE LIMITS:—
YOUTHS—15 to 18 years of age. (Cyclists only).
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£1 Bonus payable to men in "B" and "C" classes on completion of training.
Please send a postcard to:—
THE CHIEF OFFICER,
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ALBERT EMBANKMENT, S.E.1
for Explanatory Pamphlet and enrolment form.
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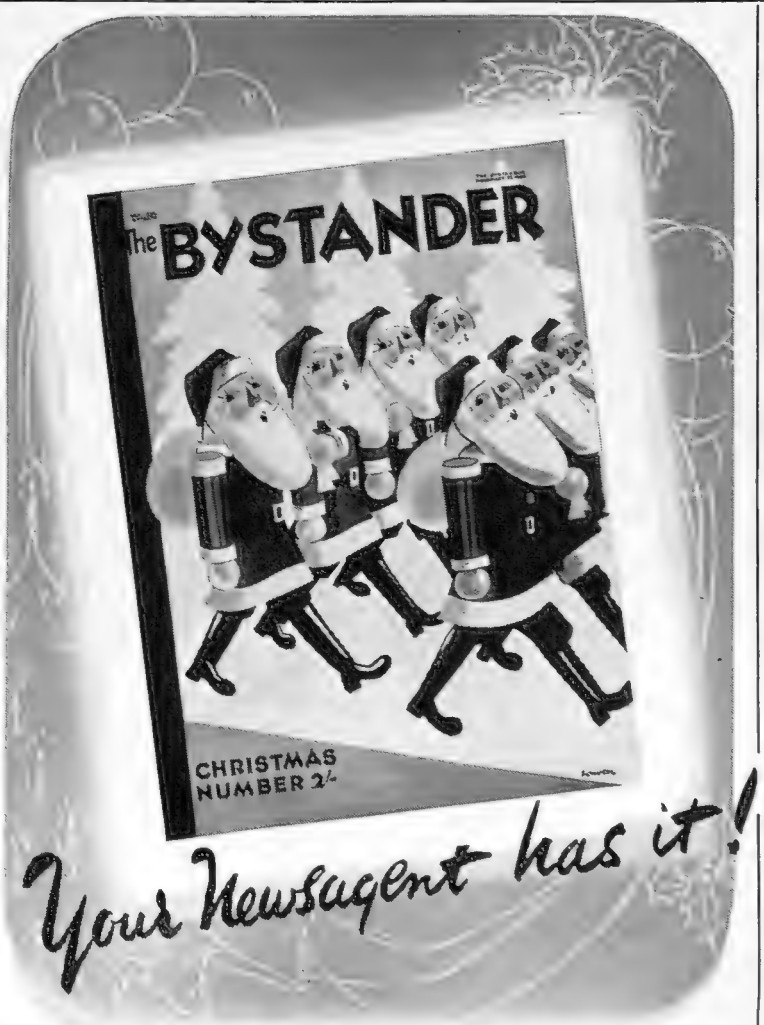

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Switzerland 3,900 ft.
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The Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton

Mr. J. W. G. Thompson in his 1901 Renault *Mr. F. S. Barnes' Leon-Bollee, made in England in 1896*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

At last it looks as though those people with the necessary influence to achieve such a desirable end are determined that Britain must have a Grand Prix team At the recent B.R.D.C. banquet in honour of Eyston, Cobb, Seaman and Gardner, Earl Howe gave us a most lucid exposition of the case for such representation. Quoting from answers supplied by various Trade Commissioners in the Crown Colonies and elsewhere to a B.R.D.C. questionnaire, he proved conclusively that German car sales have increased at the expense of British car sales where German Grand Prix cars have been seen in action, while the sales of British cars have soared to record-breaking heights in those countries where E.R.A.s have been victorious. What better argument than this could be made out in favour of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the R.A.C. dipping into their capacious coffers to inaugurate a nation-wide fund for the creation and maintenance of a British team of Grand Prix cars ?

Richard Seaman found himself straddled between twin loyalties in his speech. Obviously he was loyal to his German comrades, but I thought his plea for a British Grand Prix team so wistful as to be suggestive of his possible transference should one materialise. In glossing over his own driving achievements which had earned him the position of joint guest of honour, he claimed that his German Grand Prix win was only made possible by the bad luck of his friend, von Brauchitsch. " Such success as I have enjoyed," he said modestly, " has been because I have been lucky enough to be driving a car capable of putting up a wonderful performance. British drivers," he added, " are denied the cars on which to do what I have done. There are many British drivers who could do better than I if they were given my opportunities."

Captain Eyston also supported the plea for a Grand Prix team, pointing out that to follow up the establishment of records, such as those which the club was honouring that evening, by wins in the most important road races, was to derive the maximum benefit from both. He also pointed out that B.R.D.C. members have captured the land speed record four times within twelve months.

At the conclusion of the Veteran Car Run to Brighton, those who reached the finish—and they were all the 105 starters but twelve—were entertained to tea by the Mayor, Councillor J. Talbot Nanson, J.P., who announced that the 1939 R.A.C. 1000 miles Rally will finish at Brighton. Later on he told me that the date of the Rally has been put forward until the end of April in the hope that the competitors may have better weather.

If the road section of the Rally is to remain much as in previous years I think this is a pity, for whereas the difficulties created for the drivers by bad weather conditions may have affected the entry to some extent, yet I believe that by making the road section too simple the club will only emphasise its monotony and the result will be the same when the 1940 event comes around. However, if the road section is to be stiffened up by the inclusion of some really difficult hills or special tests then that is just fine and will, I am sure, greatly add to the enjoyment of the proceedings.

A big switch round of main London service depots of five famous motor-car firms has taken place owing to the Government's air programme needs. Tens of thousands of car owners throughout south-eastern England are affected.

The Rolls-Royce and Armstrong-Siddeley depots at Cricklewood have been taken over by the Handley-Page aircraft factory, which they adjoined. They are being converted at once into shops for the supply of component parts to the main aircraft factory. The Daimler-Lanchester service depots at The Hyde, Hendon, having outgrown the works there; an entirely new and much larger Lanchester depot has been built at Welsh Harp, Hendon, under the control of Car Mart, Ltd. All London service work of the Lanchester company has been removed there, and the most up-to-date machinery installed. This has enabled the Daimler service depot in the existing works at The Hyde to be improved, and has left room enough for the displaced Rolls-Royce service depot to be housed there.

The Armstrong-Siddeley depot has been removed to The Hyde, Hendon, and is now housed in the former Riley service depot.

With a membership of over 700,000 motorists the Automobile Association is frequently called upon to give assistance and advice in unusual circumstances. Nevertheless, an experienced official was surprised recently when a member suffering from toothache asked for his help. An appointment with a dentist was quickly made, and after directions for reaching the dental surgery had been given, the unfortunate motorist received expert treatment.

More in the association's line was a request from a member who wished to have the registration letters " T.W ", which are no longer being issued, on his new car. These letters correspond with his initials and were eventually obtained for him by buying an old vehicle, with these letters, for £2, from a breaker's yard. Negotiations with the licensing authorities subsequently secured the necessary permission for a transfer.

A tortoise once found itself in the box sidecar of an A.A. patrol's road service outfit. A wish had been expressed by a woman member of the association for one as a pet, and a patrol knew of a dealer on his beat with whose help he was able to carry out another unusual A.A. service.

Members who proposed touring abroad were responsible for the following enquiries :—

" What amount of duty will have to be paid on a supply of special bread which my invalid father must take with him as part of an enforced diet ? "

" Can you issue a document which will obviate depositing duty in France on a 'cello, guitar, two violas and a violin ? "

The first difficulty was overcome by a doctor's certificate obtained on the A.A.'s advice, and in the second case an *Acquit à Caution* issued by the association was sufficient to pass the musical instruments through the Customs without a deposit.

To my inexpressible horror I see that I made a reference to the Veteran Car Run in last week's article as the Veteran Car *Race*. This is just one of those slips of the pen that can't be explained.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards, *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE " BYSTANDER " GOLF COUPON
NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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IN CARD BOXES.. 25 FOR 1'3 50 FOR 2'5 100 FOR 4'8

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"Mild" IN CARD BOXES... 50 " 2'5

ALL SUPPLIED CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN

MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO 2OZ. TIN 2'2

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NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

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NCC.459.S

WORK— NOT CHARITY

In sixteen seasons the League has definitely enabled 16,519 men to take up work, in addition to employing 2,708 itself on special constructive schemes of its own.

We guarantee that all money sent in direct response to this advertisement will be wholly expended in wages.

YOUR CONTRIBUTION, however small, will be gratefully received by:

The Lord Luke,
Chairman,
WinterDistress League,
23 Bedford Row,
London, W.C.1.

Tel.: Chancery 7140

Please help us to help such as these.

10,000 FREE HOT MEALS

are given away every month of the year to the destitute men and women of London.

From all over England and Scotland they flock to the city "where the streets are paved with gold." Their search for work in a strange and friendless city is frequently disastrous, and then, disillusioned, they turn to St. Peter's Kitchens for food, clothing, first aid, a friendly chat and the magic introduction from the Employment Officer that may lead to work. The Refugees of England. They are our care. May we make them your care also? Our funds are nearly exhausted and our position is desperate. Dare we hope that you will send us a small cheque this Christmas and thus enable us to bolster up the courage to continue the fight for work, in the hearts of our 400 patrons each night?

Cheques made payable to—

ST. PETER'S KITCHENS

and addressed to our President, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, at

3 St. George Street, Hanover Sq., W.1

will be gratefully acknowledged.

***Far from home:** a typical Christmas dinner given by the British Sailors' Society — in Haifa*

Christmas Presents to the Poor

HOSPITALITY has been defined as the giving of food and lodging to people who are not in need of it. Below is a list of causes who do need all that can be given to them: this is known as charity, a virtue which, by custom, is notably practised at this time of year.

The Winter Distress League

THE motto of this organisation is: "The noblest charity is to enable a man to dispense with charity." Its aim is to find work for the unemployed and down-and-out, or to put him in a position to find it for himself. Principal activities are work for charitable institutions, public amenities work, waste lands cultivation and beautifying schemes, provision of help to enable men to take up jobs, boarding out of children. The Winter Distress League asks for your interest first, your aid second. It is also grateful to receive cast-off clothes, especially men's. Its address is 23, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

St. Peter's Kitchens

ST. PETER'S KITCHENS are open every day of the week to help the man or woman who has fallen on hard times. While their main work is the supplying of some 400 free hot meals a night, there are many ways in which they are able to alleviate the lot of the destitute man in his search for work. Naturally, the bulk of their work is during the winter months, and it is for this reason that their appeal for funds is so urgent at the present moment. Cheques sent to the President, 3, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, and made payable to St. Peter's Kitchens, will be gratefully acknowledged.

The Church Army

IT is said that happiness cannot be bought, but, like many others, this adage is only partly true. You can buy happiness, and buy it cheaply. Ten shillings will buy fourteen pounds of unbelievable happiness in the shape of a Christmas parcel for a poor family. The Church Army was able to give Christmas joy to thousands of very poor families last year, and with your help it hopes to give thousands more a good time this Christmas. £5 would send parcels to ten poor families. Please send to Preb Carlile, C.H., D.D., The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

WILL YOU BE A 'FATHER CHRISTMAS' TO OUR CRIPPLED GIRLS?

There are large numbers of crippled girls so seriously handicapped that they cannot hope to earn a living unaided. We have under our care 340 such girls who have become largely self-supporting because we have trained them to make beautiful artificial flowers.

We have a long Waiting List for admission to the Crippleage. Must we say No! No! No! to the pathetic appeals for this aid?

In addition, we maintain an orphanage of 200 girls from babies up to 15 years. These, and our other activities, call for generous assistance to this Christian enterprise.

Report gladly sent on request.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

CHRISTMASTIDE is the season when the hearts of men are specially open to the claims of little children, and we shall soon be hearing the familiar story of the Holy Babe. So it is at this season that Dr. Barnardo's Homes send out their special appeal to lovers of little children. Perhaps you would like to express your practical sympathy with this work by providing Christmas dinner for twenty Barnardo children, a joy that can be yours for the simple sum of 10*s*. Cheques, etc., should be crossed and sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The British Sailors' Society

IN many home and overseas ports our men of the sea are reminded by the Institutes and Hostels of the British Sailors' Society that they are not "out of sight, out of mind." Their home folk are still thinking of them through this Society, providing them with the hospitality that makes a foreign port at Christmastide "just like home." Distressed sailors, sailors' widows and dependants, lighthouse-keepers and lightship crews are also being helped. A donation to this cause will make your Christmas a happier one. The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14, will gladly welcome Christmas gifts.

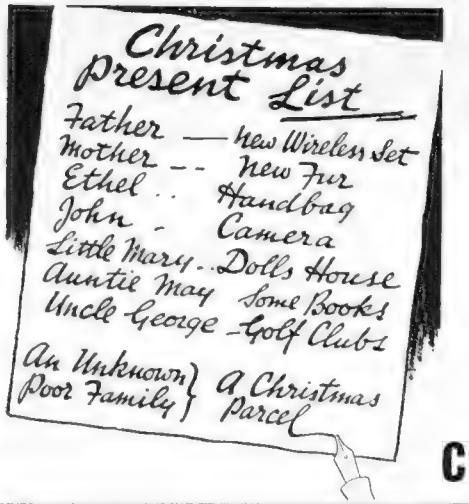
The N.S.P.C.C.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN has already been recommended to you in our Christmas Number, published November 25th. This organisation works unobtrusively throughout the country (it has 270 inspectors) to protect the most defenceless section of the population—the children. To protect them from what? you may ask, thinking of the love and care which surrounds your own family. To answer this it must be reluctantly admitted that brutality and cruelty do still abound. The proof of this lies in the large amount of work the N.S.P.C.C. finds still to do, and also in its needs for help in this work. Contributions should be sent to W. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

John Groom's Crippleage

THIS Society was also described in our Christmas Number. It remains to remind you that the Crippleage, which trains crippled girls to work, and runs a subsidiary orphanage, is particularly worthy of support, for it not only looks after the material wants of the needy, but gives them spiritual training and guidance as well. It must also be repeated, with shame, that the annual donations to the Crippleage showed a slight decrease last year. The remedy for this is to send donations to the Secretary, at 37, Sekforde Street, E.C.1.

Van-loads of cheer: Church Army parcels being loaded for Christmas



Will you add at least one poor family to your Christmas list, one who, but for you, would have an unhappy Christmas? 10/- will give one parcel. £5 will give ten.

Please send your gift to
Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.,
55, Bryanston St.,
London, W.1

CHURCH ARMY

FATHERS, MOTHERS, UNCLES, AUNTS and everyone interested in children, please remember to post a contribution towards the CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS of 8,200 boys and girls in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of **10/-** and upwards would be most welcome.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

When looking at your own loved one, or of those of other families . . . .

—DO YOU ever think of that other child—for whose protection the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children came into existence 54 years ago?

But for the intervention of this National Voluntary Society last year, 120,995 future citizens would be suffering to-day.

★**PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT to Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2**

N·S·P·C·C

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.

OUR SAILORS *share Christmas too!*

AWAY FROM HOME, in ports all over the world, Sailors will share the good-will of the festive season through the British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels. Sailors' widows and dependants: lighthouse crews, lighthouse keepers, too, will be remembered.

These world-wide Parties have become a tradition. This year is the 120th Sailors' Society Christmas.

PLEASE GIVE JACK A HAPPY CHRISTMAS THROUGH THE

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Kindly send a gift to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, 680 Commercial Rd., London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)

L.1. *"Radiant." Adorable "La France" Nightie by Wolsey. In floral georgette with all-over pattern of glorious bunches of flowers with velvet ribbon at waist. In white, black, pink, peach, green, sky blue or maize. Women's size O.S., 18/11* **15/11**

L.2. *"A Shining Success." Velour Gown, warm and cosy and in the newest design. Buttons through and is finished with two pockets. In brick red, royal blue, moss green, bottle green, wine, rose or powder blue. Small women's and women's sizes* **27/6**

L.3. *Nightie and Jacket Set. Made in our special artificial satin. The lovely little jacket is trimmed with bows and frilly satin. In white, peach, sky blue, green, gold, orchid, midnight blue or deep coral, all with lace to match.*

Nightie. Women's size **10/=**
O.S., 12/11

Jacket. Women's size **6/11**
O.S., 8/11

L.4. *Slip and Knicker Set in artificial satin. The knicker has zip-fastening side. In ivory, peach, lagoon or green. Slip, women's size* **6/11**
O.S. 7/11
Post 3d. extra.
Knickers, women's size **5/-**. *O.S.* **5/11**.
Post 3d. extra.

L.5. *Real silk satin nightie, with lace trimming. In white, peach, sky blue or green. Women's size* **18/11**

Lingerie, 4th floor

All this charming Lingerie is packed in attractive boxes, all ready for Christmas giving, at no extra charge

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1.

By Appointment to
The Late King George V.

Newest Perfume

English Bluebells
6/6, 12/6, 21/-, 39/6 per bottle

Honeysuckle Perfume
6/6, 12/6, 19/6 per bottle

Concentrated Bath Essence
A few drops sprinkled into the water will leave a delicate and lasting perfume

Rose Geranium *Roman Hyacinth*
English Violets *Carnation*

FLORIS

PERFUMER
89 Jermyn Street
London

A Merrie Christmas

Nicest part of knowing things yourself, if you 're a nine-year-old, is that you can impress your younger sister. If you lack a sister of impressionable age, there are always the dolls. Harrods of Knightsbridge provide the pupil here for a game of Pony Club. The Shetland (black, and about 8 hands) is the perfect Child's First Pony. The blonde owner wears morning exercise dress (jodhpurs and canary jersey) upon which even Sir Walter Gilbey could cast no aspersions. The spaniel is incidental, but quite indispensable when you know him. What child could resist giving an imitation of her Pony Club instructress with such inspiring toys to her hand?

To most children a shop is a gilded hall of glamour. Whether you are a housewife with a dog and a basket and your husband's lunch to buy, or the priestess in charge of the weighing scales, you are a person of importance, far removed from the domination of Nannies and the irritations of hand-washing and hair-brushing. Knowing this, Harrods provide the complete modern shop, big-doll size, but you can go in yourself if you are careful. It is stocked with proprietary lines, and has an array of fascinating little drawers at the back, each one appropriately labelled

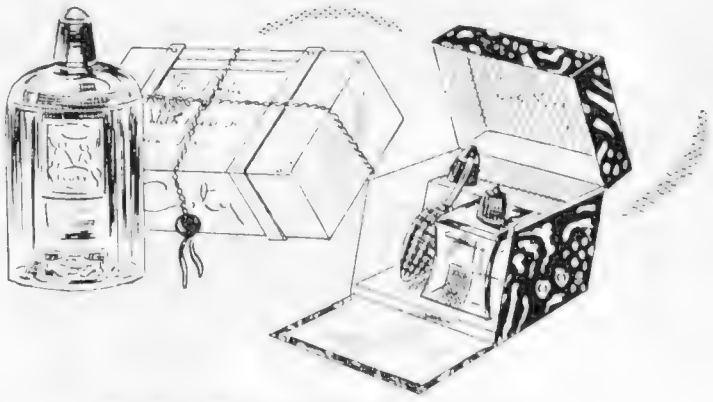
the bystander twins search for Christmas Presents

If she's fond of travelling send her this new streamline kit-bag from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It is made in morocco leather and will hold everything in the way of tickets, passport, etc., without appearing in any way crammed. There is a safety catch at each end, and it only costs a guinea in various attractive colours

For him, a crocodile wallet with silver corners costing 21s., and for her a flapjack in black and green enamel mounted on silver, or a folding travel clock which takes up no room in packing. It costs 35s., and together with the rest of the group, comes from Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street

Give yourself a present and get it at Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street. Sketched on the right is their famous sports hat in unspottable fur felt for 21s. 9d. The feather mount is 3s. 6d. extra, and the gaily-coloured scarf costs 12s. 6d. There are others, including some in plain angora, for 8s. 6d.

Gloves are always a stand-by at Christmas, and here are some from Jay's, Regent Street. On one hand is a long, black mocha gauntlet trimmed with silver fox and lined with silk; on the other a short sports glove in gold doeskin cut into strips and joined together with silk crocheting. It has plain palms and costs 22s. 6d.



Send your favourite aunt this attractive wooden casket packed ready for posting with a four-ounce bottle of Coty's Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge. Another idea would be a small-size Coty spray with a bottle of perfume, already boxed

Gifts-
by Debenhams

1. Perpetual Calendar with Petit point posy under glass, antique gilt frame. Size 4 x 6. Foreign 25/-

Pin tray with Petit point under glass antique gilt frame. Diameter 5½ ins. Foreign 32/6

Combined ash tray and lift-out lighter, Petit point under glass. Foreign 39/6

2. Beige Spode Pottery lamp with bold flower design, hand painted shade to match, trimmed wool twist. Height 18 ins. over all. Complete 55/-

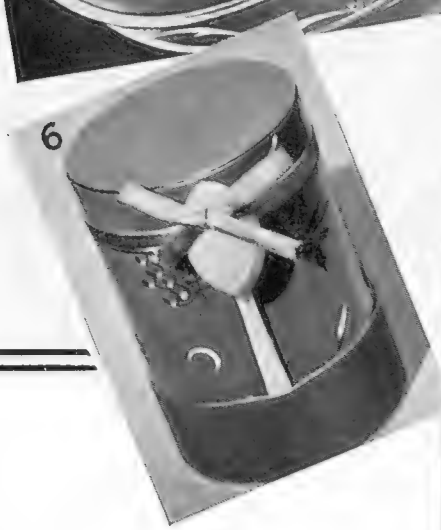
3. Example of Four Part Petit Point Brush Set. Foreign 7½ gns.

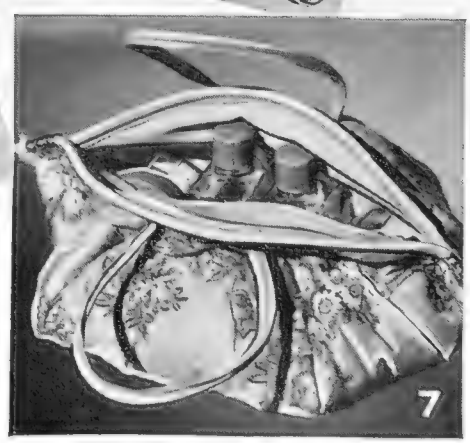
4. Handkerchief puffs, three different self colours, complete in fancy box. 6/6

5. Magnifying Make-up Mirror backed with silk, embroidered in delicate colourings. 11/6

6. Bath Foam by Debenham & Freebody, softens, colours and perfumes the water. In our own exclusive perfumes, "4444," Lily of the Valley and Gardenia. 6/6, 11/6 and 20/-

7. "Glida" Beauty bag in glazed Chintz containing two bottles and two jars. Bag lined waterproof 12/6





DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

Langham 4444. *Debenhams, Ltd.*

There is a pained expression on the face of the Australian tree-bear as he watches the jovial pair above dancing the "Lambeth Walk," a case of sour grapes, we fear, as his own partner cut his dance. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, are housing this trio in their toy department. The monkey costs 15s., the bear 12s. 6d., and the rabbit 7s. 6d.

We both feel that a fur coat is one of the nicest presents any woman can have, and this is what we found at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard; a short hip-length jacket in finest quality skunk for 21 guineas. It is beautifully stranded and very light to wear

Powder, lipstick and perfume, all with the delicate and elusive fragrance of Yardley's Bond Street scent. The double vanity for 12s. 6d. sketched above contains both loose powder and compact rouge. The lipstick costs 5s. 6d. A bottle of perfume completes this group of Yardley gifts from 33, Old Bond Street

For the nursery we suggest this outsize box of freshly-made chocolates from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. It costs 5s., and contains four pounds of delicious sweets. This firm is also showing the complete cast from the film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The inimitable Dopey is here seen standing beside Snow White

Something practical such as household linen is always very acceptable, so we have included this group of Old Bleach Linen handtowels. The top pair in two different sizes are available in blue, pink, peach and gold, with a hand-embroidered satin border. Below is another design embroidered with sea-birds

The Bystander Twins in search of Christmas presents

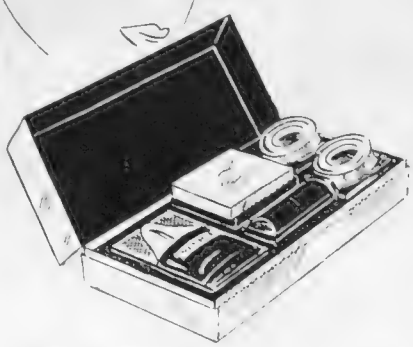
discovered by peta; pictured by pam

Either of these necklaces from Woollands', Knightsbridge, would make a delightful present. The diamanté one on the left is copied from an old vine-leaf design, while the other is strictly modern in conception. Sapphire blue balls mingled with gilt coins reflect a distinctly barbaric note which is repeated in the bracelet

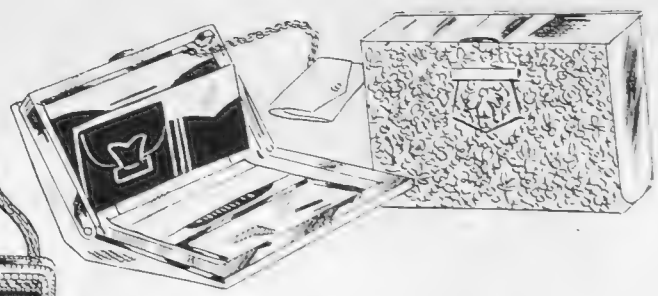
Give shoes this Christmas and win the approval of all your friends. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have some charming evening sandals, including those sketched. On the left is a white satin toeless sandal sprayed with red and green lacquered spots, and on the right a similar type of shoe in black piped with gilt and silver kid

It is always nice to be given something really frivolous, as those are the sort of things one doesn't always feel justified in buying for oneself. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, suggest this unusual evening head-dress; five blackbirds mounted on a velvet-covered head-band. It costs 52s. 6d., and may be seen in the Flower Shop on the first floor

Say it with flowers and choose this charming spray to wear on an evening dress. The petals of a chrysanthemum are cleverly reproduced in curled velvet, dyed a dark magenta. It costs 14s. 9d., and may be seen in the Flower Shop at Dickins and Jones



Elizabeth Arden suggests diamanté stars for the hair, and a special make-up box containing nail varnish, "Eye-sha-do," rouge, powder and lipstick. The stars are obtainable in two sizes from 14s. each, and the make-up box is 35s. Both may be seen at 25, Old Bond Street



You can take your choice of evening bags at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The model on the left is in black velvet worked with beaded flowers in pastel colours, and mounted on a gold or silver frame. Next to it is a handsome party-case in brocade with a gold frame. It has gold kid fittings and is made in several different colour combinations for 59s. 6d.

December Review

Choose perfume as a Christmas gift or as a private indulgence. You are on very safe ground if you select one of the Revillon perfumes from the salon at 180, Regent Street. In the picture are Revillon Eau Pour le Bain, and also their Lavande Française and Egoiste perfumes

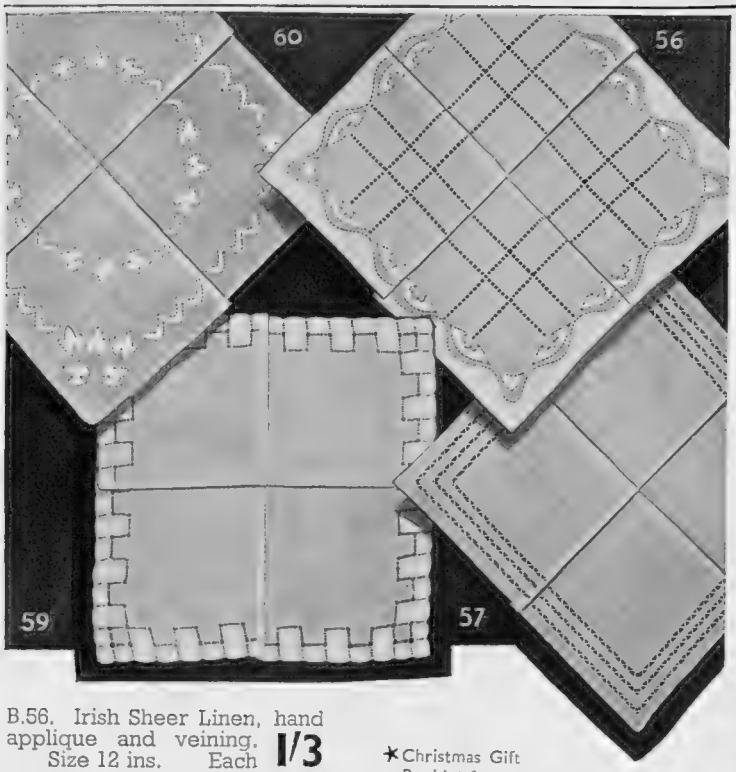
Christmas gift lists are always reckoned in round figures. So we think it considerate of Millot to offer such an attractive coffret as the one on the right, containing Crêpe-de-Chine perfume, Eau de Cologne, and soap, priced at one guinea

Above are some attractive boxes of La France Gourmande confectionery; they contain the chocolate Weiss from St. Etienne, and an assorted collection of friandises from every province of France. These delicious sweets are obtainable from 110, Jermyn Street. Prices are from 8s. 6d.

A life on the ocean wave is a grand game in the nursery when you can "splice the mainbrace" with Mackintosh's toffee. Such nautical language is for the benefit of the "sea-dog." He would be a welcome addition to any nursery, as, indeed, are all the Mackintosh productions

Whether he is a "commonplace type with a stick and a pipe" and not over-mindful of his appearance, or a business man who knows that appearance matters, he will thank you for a supply of Brylcreem this Christmas. The large size costs 2s. 6d., and the pump 2s.

All children love "something to make," and Harbutt's Plasticine, pictured below on the right, provides them with the raw material for any number of exciting models. Four shillings buys the "Complete Modeller," and the "Designer" set is available in two sizes, at 5s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.



B.56. Irish Sheer Linen, hand applique and veining. Size 12 ins. Each **1/3**

B.57. Irish Sheer Linen, hand veined and rolled. Size 11 ins. Each **1/3**

B.59. Very fine Irish mercerised Sheer Linen. Size 11½ ins. Each **1/9**

B.60. Very fine Irish mercerised Sheer Linen, hand applique, hand rolled edge. Size 11½ ins. Each **1/9**

*Christmas Gift Booklet free on request.

Walpoles

EXQUISITE LINENS • EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

87-91 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

108-110 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8 & 175-176 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1.

G.P. Estab 1851

HUNTING GIFTS

Established over 80 years, we are specialists in high-class Hunting and Polo Equipment. Patrons find all their requirements amongst our lists. Visit our premises and inspect the largest stock of London-made Polo and Hunting saddles, both new and second-hand

HUNTING and POLO SADDLES

Best Leather lined Rugby Panel Hunting and Polo Saddles (our own best make), complete with pair of super stainless steel or super-nickel stirrups, pair super leathers and super woollen girths. **£11 11 0**

Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel ditto Saddle, complete as above **£10 10 0**

Limited quantity ditto as above **£9 9 0**

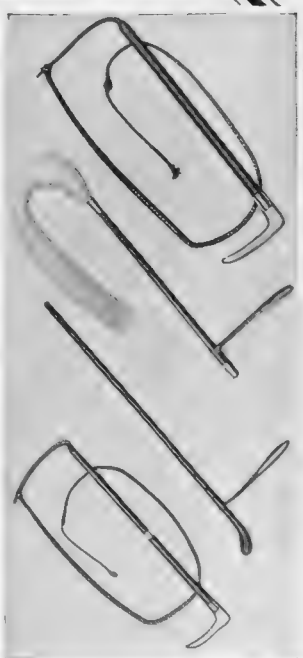
others from £5 10 0

If with Folded Leather Girths 10/6 extra

LADIES' & GENT'S FLASKS

Hunting Flasks containing glass bottle with plated bayonet top .. **35/-**

Write for new Season's price list.



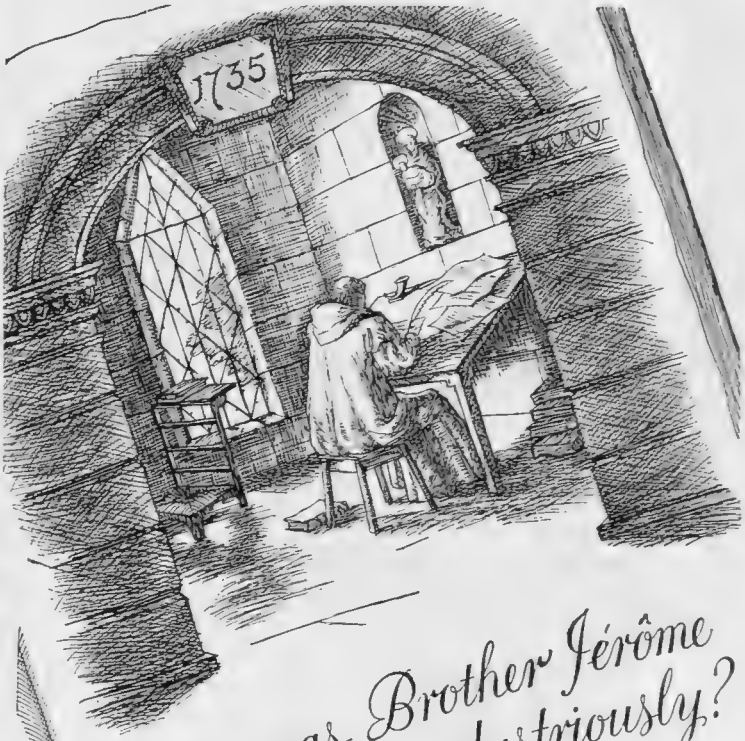
No. 14 HUNTING WHIP, plaited leather silver mount, complete with thong 22/6
No. 14a. Ditto with E.P. Mount 18/6
No. 25 YOUNG LADY'S HUNTING CROP with pigskin leather handpart, two plated mounts with buck hook 8/6
No. 22 PIGSKIN COVERED NILGHIRI RIDING CANE 6/6
FLYWHISK, cane handle, black hair 15/-
Ditto, second quality 8/6

GEO. PARKER & SONS

Only address (SADDLERS) *LIMITED*

12 Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

Tele.: Temple Bar 1164. *Teleg.:* Cavesson, Lesquare, London.



What was Brother Jérôme writing so industriously?

Two hundred years ago the mystery of Brother Jérôme Maubec's labours was revealed in the Monastery of the Chartreuse. An Elixir it was, distilled from the choicest wines, fragrant with the essences of 130 gracious herbs. His secret he handed down to posterity . . .

The secret of Grande Chartreuse, the most famous Liqueur in the world

The Liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse can be made only by the monks who have succeeded Brother Jérôme. Supremely smooth, miraculously mellow, Chartreuse is, as it always has been, the paragon of Liqueurs. It is no easy matter to choose between the Yellow, so bland and delicate, and the drier richness of the Green. Whichever you choose, you will choose perfection.

Green or Yellow

Chartreuse

THE LIQUEUR OF LIQUEURS

Man to Man

Variety in a presentation case, by Matthew Gloag and Son, of Perth. For 25s. this firm will send by parcel post, postage paid, a case containing one bottle each of their "Grouse" Brand whisky, "Pintail" sherry, and "Quinta Santa Martha" port, which are the firm's "De Luxe" qualities. These are pictured above

Convenient to tie up, and all ready with a label on the back on which to write your name and good wishes; cigarettes make an ever-welcome present, and Craven "A," famous for their coolness and smoothness to the throat, are packed in particularly decorative cartons for Christmas, costing no more than the usual price of 5s. for 100

On the subject of gin your friends are as knowledgeable as you are, and their enjoyment of a case of "Booth's Dry" will be a sincere one, tempered with appreciation of your choice. Booth's is packed specially for Christmas in neat and convenient cases of 2, 3, 6, or 12 bottles

Any of the selection of "Presta" soft drinks shown on the right are excellent for Christmas. Two of the most popular are "Presta" Orangina, a sparkling orange, which has recently been introduced by the Apollinaris Co., and "Presta" Sparkling Grape Fruit

When you would send flowers to a woman you send wines or cigars to a man. Such gifts are doubly appreciated when they come from Hedges and Butler, 153, Regent Street. This firm specialises in mail orders. Their price list, which will be sent on application, offers a range of choice wines, champagnes, Scotch whiskies, brandies, etc., some of which are pictured on the left

Whether you are giving a party or dining quietly at home you will find Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy a perfect finish to the meal. Thomas Grant and Sons, Maidstone, supply this popular liqueur in special Christmas gift hampers, of which they will gladly send particulars

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Gifts for those who travel . . .
1. Work Case in morocco grain leather with zipp fastener. Brown, navy, saxe, green and red. 6 × 10½ - - - - - 15/9
2. Travel bag in real pigskin. Front pocket with flap, inside pocket with zipp, also extra pocket. Lined moiré. 8 × 11 - - - - 29/6
3. Beauty case in snake skin with zipp fastener. 6¼ × 6½. Grey with black fittings, green with green fittings, and beige with white fittings 21/-
4. Fitted dressing case. - - - - -

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Yevonde

Helen Chetwynd-Stapleton

Helen Chetwynd-Stapleton is engaged to Capt. Michael Adeane, Coldstream Guards, only son of the late Capt. H. R. A. Adeane and the Hon. Mrs. Adeane, of 1, Dean Trench Street, S.W.1. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chetwynd-Stapleton, of Headlands, Berkhamsted, Herts.

Catherine Bell

Renée du Plessis

Renée Merandon du Plessis is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Merandon du Plessis, of 97, Bryanston Court, W.1, and Chamarel, Mauritius. She is to marry, on December 8th at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Hon. Edward Langton Iliffe, eldest son of Lord and Lady Iliffe, of Yattendon Court, Newbury, Berks.

Lenare

Rosemary Kirk

Rosemary Kirk is the younger daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Henry Buchanan Kirk and Mrs. Sceales, of Cliffs End Hall, Thanet. She is to marry Captain Elwin Clive Gray, Seaforth Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Clive Gray, of 8, Cheyne Gardens, S.W.3

Fayer

Sonia Talbot Baines

Nadine Sonia Talbot Baines is the youngest daughter of the late Capt. Matthew Talbot Baines, of Heronswood Beckley, Sussex, and Mrs. Baines, of 61b, Holland Park, W.11. Her fiancé is Hellmut Hene, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Emil Hene, of 17, Holland Park, W. She was a débutante last season

Bertram Park

Pamela Fletcher

Pamela Margaret Fletcher is engaged to the Hon. Alexander Hardinge Patrick Hore-Ruthven, only son of Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of Australia and Lady Gowrie. She is the daughter of the Rev. A. H. and Mrs. Fletcher, of 87, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1

Patricia Kennedy is engaged to Dermot McGillycuddy, son of Senator Lieut.-Col. the McGillycuddy, of the Reeks, and the Madam McGillycuddy of Beaufort, Co. Kerry. She is the daughter of the late Edward Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Co. Kildare

Hay Wrightson

Patricia Kennedy

Hickman — Webster

Capt. Philip Harry Bolingbroke Hickman, 3rd Q.A.O. Gurkha Rifles, of Almora, India, son of the late P. D. Hickman and Mrs. Hickman, of The Old Cottage, Heisham, married Betty Gordon Webster at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. J. H. C. Webster, of Glangrwyney Court, South Wales

Jones — Harrison

Richard Keith Jones and Margaret Ridley (Peggy) Harrison were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is in the R.H.A. and is the only son of Mr. F. T. Jones, of New Delhi, and Mrs. Jones, of Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.

Riddell — Holborn

It was a Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, wedding between Victor Horsley Riddell, F.R.C.S., eldest son of the late Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Riddell, of Torquay, and Pamela Margaret Holborn, only daughter of Paymaster-Comdr. and Mrs. A. S. Holborn, of Newton Ferrers, Devonshire

Chaytor — Vlieland

Capt. Edward J. C. Chaytor, Royal Artillery, only son of Major-Gen. Sir Edward and Lady Chaytor, and Margaret Frances Morgan Vlieland, only daughter of Charles A. Vlieland, Malayan Civil Service, and Mrs. Vlieland, were married at St. Barnabas', Addison Road

Gunning — Tudor-Edwards

John Trehane Hamilton Gunning, The Manchester Regiment, son of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. J. D. Gunning, of The Rectory, St. Mawgan, Cornwall, married Joan Tudor-Edwards, daughter of the late J. Tudor-Edwards and Mrs. Bramall, of Trekenning House, St. Columb, Cornwall, at St. Columb Church

Trappes-Lomax — Stockwell

At Brompton Oratory, Nicholas Hugh Trappes-Lomax, son of the late Richard Trappes-Lomax and the Hon. Mrs. Lomax, of Prince's Gardens, S.W., married Maisie Stockwell, twin daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. C. Stockwell, of Greystones, Colchester, Essex

Elletson — Boudard

Roger Chandos Elletson, son of the late H. C. Elletson and Mrs. Elletson, of Parrox Hall, Fleetwood, Lancs., and Simone Thérèse Marie Louise Boudard, daughter of M. and Mme. Joseph Boudard, of Rieux, S. Martins-sur-Oust, France, were married at Brompton Oratory

Pound — Margetson

Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, C.-in-C., Mediterranean, and Lady Pound's son was appropriately married in Malta, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Alletta. He is Lt. George Dudley Pound, R.N.; his bride was Elizabeth Margetson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Margetson, of Wingham, near Canterbury

Allison — Harvey

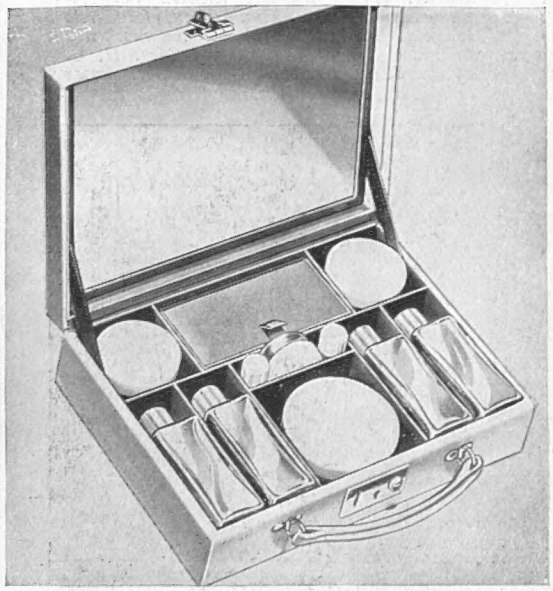
Harold Archibald Allison, son of Capt. H. Kenneth Allison, of Dunmore Lodge, Co. Meath, and the late Lady Diana Allison, and Anabel Eveline Harvey, daughter of the Rev. W. Coates Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, of Beau Park, Co. Meath, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

THREE SMART CASES *for* *Happy Journeys* THIS CHRISTMAS

DB 20.

DB 21.

Trunk and Dressing Case Departments are on the Ground Floor



(DB.22). RAWHIDE LEATHER BEAUTY CASE. Fitted with one powder box, two cream jars, four lotion bottles, two nail polish bottles with cream coloured composition tops. Mirror is neatly fitted in lid. Size of $9\frac{1}{2} \times 7 \times 2\frac{3}{4}$. Complete **45/=**

Also in Morocco leather in shades of blue, green or brown. Each 35/-.

(DB20). MAN'S RAWHIDE FITTED CASE. Completely fitted including two Natural Ebony hair brushes, five silver-mounted bottles, leather stud box, travelling mirror, safety razor, manicure accessories, shoe lift and button hook. These are arranged on a lift-out board at the back of the case. Convenient size of 24 × 15 × 7. - - - - - Complete **11 gns.**

Also in pigskin. £13. 15. 0. *(Illustrated top left)*

(DB21) LADIES FITTED DRESSING CASE. Fitted with a four-piece brush set and five bottles with enamel on metal backs. Smartly lined with rayon. Shades of dark blue or green. Size of 20 × 13 × $6\frac{1}{2}$. - - - - - Complete **13 gns.**

Also in light blue and green enamel on silver deposit. Each 15 gns.

(Illustrated above)

Harrods

Harrods Knightsbridge London SW1

Sloane 1234

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tel.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE

Agay (near St. Raphael).—Hotel des Roches Rouges.—Fac. sea. Large pk. Free bus ser. to Valescure Golf. Full pens. fr. 11/- a day.

Beaulieu-s/Mer.—Hotel Victoria.—100 rms. full south, large sunny garden, excellent cooking. Pens. from Frs. 50

Cannes.–Hotel des Anglais.–Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large pk. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.–Htl. Grande Bretagne.–Sunny pk. motor service, casino, golf, Bridge rm. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 gns. & £5 weekly

Cannes.—Hotel Mont Fleury.—
Large Park
Manager: G. Tamme.

Cannes.—Hotel Sainte-Marguerite.—H. & c. water. Large garden. Facing sea. Full south. Excellent cooking. From Frs. 60

French Riviera–Navirotel–Le Trayas (Var) Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with terms.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince De Galles.—Strictly First-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent View. Moderate terms.

Monte Carlo.–Hotel Terminus Palace.–1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £4.4. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY

Garmisch.–Bavarian Winter-Sport-Centre. **Golfhotel Sonnenbichl.** — Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st-cl. hotel. Pens. fr. Mk. 9.50

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof). — First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pen. from Mks. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl.–Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND

Davos-Platz, Angleterre and Park Hotel.—Lead'g. Eng. Hot. nr. Parsenn and Schatzalp Rly. Good food & serv. New Man. H. Verdino

Grindelwald.—The Bear.—The gay Sports and Social Centre. Inclusive terms from 16/-, including tea.

Gstaad (Bernese Oberland).–**Grand Hotel Alpina.**–The Skiers Paradise. 1st class Htl. Won. sit. Terms fr. Frs. 14. E. Burri, prop.

Gstaad–Bernerhof.–Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comft. Winter Sports. Band. Terms fr. Frs. 13 to 17

Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-

Lenzerheide.–Grisons–5,000 ft. **The Schweizerhof.**—Tradit. Eng. House. Cen. of Sports soc. life. Sea. Dec.-Mar. F. Brenn, Man. prop.

Pontresina (Engadine)
The Kronenhof.
The traditional English House.

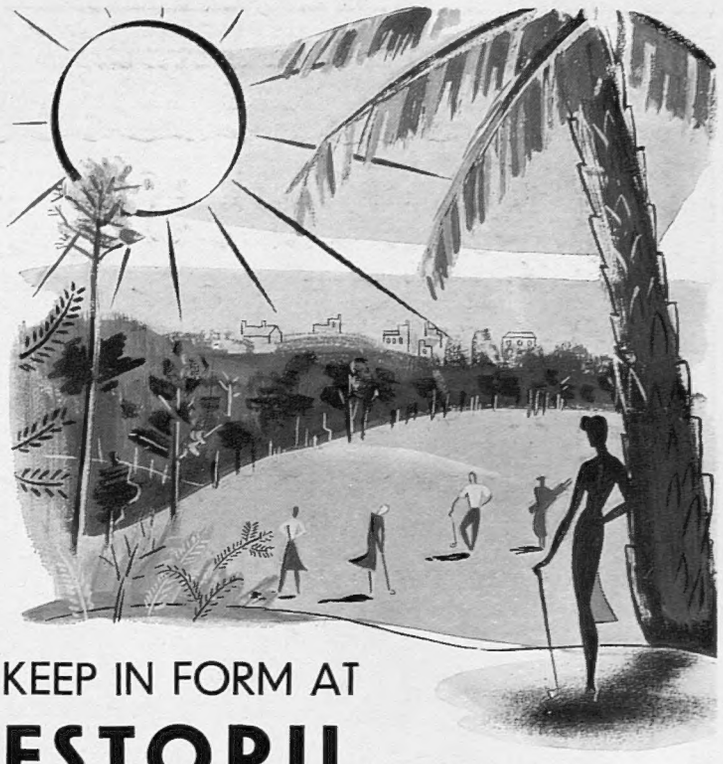
Pontresina.—(Engadine)—Schloss-Hotel— Leading House. Headquarters of the visitors' Curling Clubs. Pension from Frs. 16.

Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15.

St. Moritz.—Savoy Hotel.—1st cl. fam. htl., quiet cen. pos., lake view. Pens. S. frs. 16. Att.: The Savoy Bar–Dancing, open all night

Wengen.—The Palace.—"The best of the best." Inclusive terms from Frs. 18 F. Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—for all Winter Sports.—**Hotel Victoria.**—(160 beds). Inclusive terms from Frs. 15.



KEEP IN FORM AT

ESTORIL

Why hibernate this Winter when warm sunshine, Spring weather, flowers, azure skies are yours for the asking—in Estoril. Keep right on playing golf, despite the calendar — you can count on six to eight hours of sunshine every day in that corner of peaceful Portugal.

And golfing is only one of the joys of this superb Winter resort, which include tennis, riding, swimming (a fine indoor pool and sandy beach), excursions to Lisbon (only 14 miles away), fun at the Casino, dancing . . . Estoril is ideal, too, for those wanting a rest . . . the soothing, even climate and invigorating sea air restore strength rapidly. There is a modern thermal establishment, too. Accommodation at the excellent hotels and comfortable boarding houses is inexpensive—scarcely more than living at home!

Average temperature in Winter : 54°F.
Average temperature of 6 to 8 hours of sunshine daily in Winter

CLIMATOLOGIC STATION OF MONTE ESTORIL
UNDER TECHNICAL SUPERVISION OF THE CENTRAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY
TEMPERATURE (MEAN): 1933: 61.49 - 1935: 60.87 ★ BRIGHT SUNSHINE: 1933: 3239.51 - 1935: 3204.47

YEAR 1937.	Mean. $\frac{M+m}{2}$	Maximum Mean.	Minimum Mean.	Solar radiation Mean.	Bright sunshine h. m.	Sea water Mean.
WINTER *(Dec.-Feb.)*	53.80	59.53	48.07	94.48	521.17	55.7
SUMMER *(June-Aug.)*	68.75	76.59	60.91	112.67	1118.36	61.6

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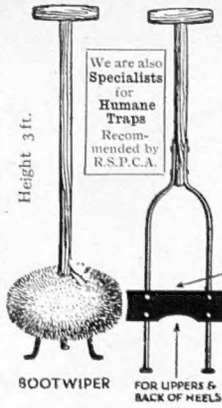

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